THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856.

{ Established August 4, 1821. Whole Number Issued 1819.

EVENING.

BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.

Look up; the rainy heavens withdraw,
Light flows anew at ebb of day;
Look, and believe the gracious law,
That love shall have the final sway.

The grass is of a perfect green,
Dappled with shades this pleasant hour;
The garden-walk is crisp and clean;
Wind shakes the tears from bough and flower.

Its finest life is in the air,
Its finest lustre in the light;
And mark the drifting clouds of care
Are touched with glory in their flight.

In each an hour is understood
The sacred mystery of woe;
We feel a life divinely good
Within us rise, around us flow:

A spirit tranquil, as of one
Who now in happy languor rests,
Sore wearied with his work well done,
But through well-doing richly blest:

A spirit as of one who broods
On sorrows ceased but unforgot;
Whose heart, like Heaven, the rainiest moods
Leave softer and without a blot.

Come, holy peace, when evening's flame
Burns in the West intensely still,
Come, kindling salutary shame
For half-won good, half-vanquished ill.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

Tisquontam, the Sachem of Mannamaset, who dwelt with his daughter Monoma, in the little silent wigwam, to which Marie de Luzerne had been conveyed, was a warrior whose youth had been one of strange adventure, and whose future life was destined to yet greater vicissitudes. He was not one of the native chiefs of the Massachusetts, for his cradle had been swung in the sound of Niagara's booming waters, and his childhood nurtured among the thousand isles of the great river of Canada, where now the children of France had planted their lodges. Here he had dwelt till the blood of manhood coursed through his veins; there he had hunted the otter and sable; and there pursued the salmon as it leaped from rapid to rapid of the swift river. And there, too, among the first band of pale faced strangers, who pitched their tents in the hunting-grounds of his nation, he had beheld a dark-eyed daughter of the white race, a maiden of France, who had come with her parents to the wilderness of America, in the freshness of her youth and beauty. Tisquontam saw and loved the gentle French girl, and Blanche returned the passion of her wild admirer; for he was graceful in form and noble of soul, and might have found favor in the eyes of many a princess of his own race. Brief had been the courtship of the two young beings, but their affection was pure and sincere, and Blanche hesitated not to exchange her vows with him. But, alas! the Iroquois tribe, to whom the young brave belonged, shared not in the friendliness of Tisquontam to the white strangers who had come among them. Rising suddenly, they attacked the small settlement of French, and massacred every family. Only one could Tisquontam save, of all the hapless emigrants—and to do this, he was obliged to fight against his own tribe. He defended the parents of his beloved, with bow and spear, until they fell beneath the arrows of his Iroquois kindred, and then fled with his rescued Blanche into the great wilderness towards the Mohawk. Many moons did the two lovers wander through the forests, pursued by the vengeful Iroquois, who were furious against Tisquontam for the part he had taken towards them; but the Great Spirit protected his children's flight, till at length they reached the shores of the mighty ocean. Here Tisquontam made his lodge by the river of Mannamaset, near where afterwards the pale-faces were to build their first lodges in New England; and here, with his fair Christian wife, the savage dwelt, till it pleased the Great Spirit to bless his eyes with a beautiful child, the pledge of their happy union. Tisquontam was happy in his exile, roaming the forest to hunt for his beloved, storing their wigwam with the sports of the chase, skins of a hundred beasts, and plumes from a thousand birds. Blanche regretted not her destiny, for she swayed the noble heart of her husband, and taught his lips to pray to the Christian's God, in her own native tongue. But the Great Spirit at length summoned her to rejoin her parents, and Tisquontam was left in his lodge, with only the young child to comfort him.

Bitterly did the red hunter mourn the loss of his wife, and long and often did he weep at the flower-covered mound which marked her resting-place; but the infant prattle of his motherless Monoma recalled him to the duties of life. Again, therefore, he took bow and spear, and roamed the forests, to hunt for his child, as he had once hunted for Blanche.

Monoma grew up gentle and lovely as a wildwood flower, and Tisquontam rejoiced to minister to her every wish. For her he built the islet lodge, and shaped a light canoe, and searched out a thousand flowers in the valleys and on the hills; for her he gathered shells by the shore, and mosses on the mountain, and rare plants in the deep forests. Monoma was to Tisquontam the angel of his life—the angel whom the Great Spirit had given him for his lost Blanche.

Meantime the bravery and skill of the Iroquois hunter had won him the esteem of the ocean tribes, on whose borders he dwelt; the Narragansetts, the Pequods, and the Mohegans; and he would have been gladly received as a warrior among either; but Tisquontam chose to dwell at Mannamaset, which was between the country of the Narragansetts and Pequods, for there was buried his Blanche, and there he wished to lie down himself when the voice of Manitou should summon him. So, therefore, Tisquontam was known by the tribes as the lone Sachem of Mannamaset, and they decreed that he should possess the land he had chosen; while in return the Iroquois warrior assisted them in their hunts, and often-times defended their villages against the incursions of hostile nations; so that he became of influence in the councils of the ocean tribes, and respected by their wise men and braves.

Thus it was, that when news came to Tisquontam, as he sat with Monoma in their islet wigwam, that a ship of the strangers was stranded upon the rocky coast, he straightway grasped his arms and departed to meet the victorious Narragansetts, not to join in their atrocious exploit, but to save if possible some victim from their cruelties. But when he reached the shore, the massacre had been finished, and he saw but the scalps of the emigrants dangling from their brandished lances. Tisquontam, however, accompanied the Narragansetts in their triumphal journey homeward, and with them discovered the path of Louis de Luzerne, and his companions, pursuing the trail to the mountain Wachusett. Here, unable to gain more from the good will of his savage allies, he had demanded a captive in return for services previously performed, and to his great joy had been allowed to choose the young girl Marie. Thus was the maiden saved from Narragansett captivity, and borne to the lodge of Tisquontam, to be the companion of his gentle Monoma. Glad had been the heart of Louis de Luzerne could he have divined the fate of his lovely sister.

For when the wandering Marie felt the warm kiss of Monoma upon her lips, she heard likewise the accents of her native France murmured sweetly by the Indian girl. At once the two orphans could commune with each other, and as they lay folded that night in the embrace of sisters, Marie learned a new revelation of innocence—the innocence of a maiden, born and nurtured in the solitude of an aboriginal forest, with no voice to speak to her but that of fatherly affection, and no unhallowed influence to disturb the deep religion that she daily learned from the solemn teachings of nature—the litanies of waving woods and rolling streams—the sermons of sun and stars and changing seasons.

Next morning, Marie awoke to find the tender eyes of Monoma watching her countenance, whilst Tisquontam stood at the wigwam door, arrayed for the chase. The Iroquois smiled, as the French girl's half-frightened gaze encountered his, and he reached out his hand with an action at once graceful and encouraging. Marie rose from her soft couch, and advanced toward him.

"Has the white bird slept well in the tent of the Iroquois? Behold! the nestling of Tisquontam's lodge has pale blood in her veins. The white bird has naught to fear."

This was spoken in broken French, and the Indian's manner at once banished all apprehension from the mind of Marie.

"I do not fear my red father!" she said, placing her small hand in that of the Iroquois.

The hunter looked pleased at the frank demeanor of the maiden, whilst Monoma stole softly to the side of her new friend, and wound an arm around her neck. The two maidens were very lovely, as they thus stood together, and Tisquontam's eye grew moist as he looked at them. But presently Marie's fair brow became clouded, and she sank suddenly at the red man's feet, clasping her hands, whilst a suppliant expression overspread her features.

"Oh," she murmured, as a gush of tears bedewed her cheeks—"Where is my brother—my beloved Louis! Ah, me! where is Abbe Cloude?"

The Indian's forehead darkened, and he remained silent; but Marie clasped his hand earnestly within her own, and cried passionately—

"Oh, chief, you have saved me—you are noble and good! Save also my brother!—oh! if he be not already murdered by the cruel—" Marie could utter no more, her sobs stifled her voice. Monoma's tears mingled with hers. Tisquontam was deeply affected.

"Was it the white bird's brother?—the youth whom the Narragansett's have borne to their village?—and the old chief—the medicine man—"

"Abbe Cloude—the good father—alas!" murmured Marie, with a flood of tears.

"Tisquontam will seek the trail of the captives!" exclaimed the Iroquois, as if he had taken a sudden resolution. "He will bring the white bird tidings of her brother and of the aged father. Let the white bird be happy; Monoma will sing for her a song of the pale-faces. Tisquontam will return ere the sun falls upon yonder bank."

Marie's eloquent face expressed her gratitude to the good Indian. She took hastily from her bosom a small gold cross, on which a cipher was engraved, and extended it to Tisquontam.

"Here!" she murmured. "It is a cross which my brother will recognize, and know that it is from Marie. It was the last gift of our mother who is dead."

The Indian comprehended her meaning, and then, pointing to the mossy river bank opposite the wigwam, where the last rays of the sun were wont to tremble ere they were withdrawn in the west, repeated his promise to return at the hour indicated, and then, with a quick step, turned away, and took his departure through the forest-aisles, whilst Monoma tenderly dried the eyes of her friend, and led her forth from the lodge to the flowery marge of the islet stream, where presently they were twined in each other's arms, exchanging their guileless confidences.

Meanwhile, Tisquontam sped swiftly through the intricacies of the woods, which to his accustomed feet were as beaten paths, and shaped his course along the river side, and over hill and plain, toward the Narragansett village, where he doubted not the two white captives were now awaiting the decision of an Indian council, which was to condemn them either to immediate sacrifice or permit their adoption by the tribe. Much was the poor red man perplexed, as he hurried onward, concerning his proper course in the difficult enterprise in which he found himself involved, for through his relations with the Narragansetts had enabled him to rescue the French girl, it was not quite certain that he might not, by venturing on further interference with the captives, invoke upon himself the ill will of those who were now his friends. It behoved him that he should proceed cautiously in the business which he had undertaken, but he resolved, at least, to ascertain the intentions of the tribe regarding their prisoners, and to venture what influence he possessed in saving their lives, should they be threatened with torture or sacrifice. At any rate, Tisquontam, like many good-natured gentlemen, was well-convinced that he should have little comfort at home with his fair wards, unless he brought them at sunset the most consoling intelligence, and, therefore, he resolved to make the best use of both boldness and wisdom in what he had to accomplish.

But, alas! the brave Iroquois was destined to quite another journey than that on which he had entered—a journey not to be accomplished in a few hours nor to be confined to a score of miles, but to occupy, indeed, many moons, and cover thousands of leagues, before it should be ended. For, hardly had he traversed a quarter of the distance that intervened between his own lodge and the Narragansett village, than his further progress was impeded by an unlooked for obstacle.

Tisquontam had traversed the league or two of thick woods, which bounded his own little domain, whence he could catch through the trees a glimpse of the quiet bay—where, in a small inlet, he had ready a light canoe, that he often used to shorten his distances by rapidly crossing the water at this point—when, as he diverged toward the shore, his ears were suddenly pierced by the shrill voice of a child, apparently in the extreme of terror. Pausing not a moment, save to ascertain the quarter whence the cry proceeded, the Iroquois plunged through the thickets, and presently attained a spot where he beheld two men in strange garb, that he at once recognized as that of the pale-faces. These men bore in their arms two struggling Indian children, whom they were half-strangling to quiet their cries, as they carried them rapidly toward the water. Tisquontam hesitated not as he beheld this, but pealing his war-whoop, till it rung through all the wood, sprang with uplifted club upon the foremost white man, whom, with one blow, he levelled to the ground.

The other pale-face, terrified at the sudden appearance of an Indian, and the shrill whoop which was answered by a hundred echoes, released the child whose throat he was compressing, and darted toward the cave; and Tisquontam found himself with two screaming urchins beside him, and the white man he had struck lying bleeding at his feet. All this was the occurrence of a moment, and the Iroquois, pausing for breath, looked quickly around him to discover new enemies.

He had not long to look, for in an instant afterwards, a pistol-shot, followed by another, and a third, startled the air, and Tisquontam felt a sudden pain shoot through his head. A mist then gathered over his eyes; his limbs grew faint; and he fell to the ground across the man whom he had struck down beneath his club. Thus for a short time he lay, until a figure, followed by two or three, and then more, cautiously emerged from the covert, and approached him.

"By St. Dominic, captain! I believe you are right. There was but one of them—though, as I'm a christian man, I could have sworn I heard a hundred yells," cried the foremost of the new comers.

"And so you ran like a hundred devils!" sneered Captain Pierre, as he followed close behind, "and left poor Francois here, to be knocked i' th' head! Look, man, quickly, and see if his hurt be mortal!"

The Spaniard Lopez, thus adjured, dragged the Indian from the body of the other man, and raising the latter in his arms, disclosed a severe wound upon the skull, which was bleeding profusely. He breathed however, and was apparently only stunned by the severe blow he had received.

"Now, up with him to the boat!" cried the Creole, in a sharp, abrupt tone; for, since his riddance of Robin Hall, he had little difficulty in controlling the rest of the crew; "and the youngsters—where are they?"

"Safe and fast, captain," answered a stalwart ruffian, who was engaged in gagging one of the Indian children, whilst Lopez secured the other. The poor creatures, after hearing the report of the firearms, had made no effort to escape, apparently transfixed with fright.

"To the boat with them!"

"Ay, ay, captain!"

"Is the red-skin dead, Captain Pierre?" asked Lopez, stooping over Tisquontam.

"No! 'tis but a flesh-wound! The bullet has grazed his skull, though, and clipped the savage's scalp-lock! Look you, captain—shall I finish him?"

"He's not dead, say you?"

"By St. Dominic, no! And, faith, 'twere shame to kill so stout a knave! Look at the varlet's brawn, Captain Pierre. He were worth seventy pistoles, an' he were at Bermuda or the Havana!"

"Think you that, Lopez?" cried the Creole, his eyes sparkling with greed. "Away with him, then, to the boat, for I doubt we shall get no more o' the cattle. We must away from this bay, or a legion will be after these cubs of heathendom. Lively, comrades!—to the boat!"

And, without more delay, the kidnappers lifted up Tisquontam, and, together with the Indian boy and girl, bore him to the pinnace, where already five young children of either sex lay pinioned hand to foot, like lambs for the mart. The Iroquois was likewise securely fastened in the bottom of the boat, and the oarsmen, taking their positions, pulled the pinnace from the cave, and out into the sunlit bay, whence they directed their course through the calm waters, skirting the coast toward the sea. Meantime, some of the crew were busy in rigging the masts and bending on a lateen sail, whilst others stowed compactly in the boat's bows the store of provisions which were to sustain them on their bold voyage to the islands. There were thirteen men of the survivors of the emigrant ship, and they had kidnapped seven red children, together with Tisquontam. Captain Pierre, the Creole, chuckled as he looked down upon his captives, cramped by their bonds, in the boat's bottom, and calculated how many hard pistoles so brush a cargo would fetch him.

Meantime, Monoma, the child of Tisquontam, and Marie, the beautiful French maiden, waited expectantly for the sun's decline when the Iroquois was to return with news from the Narragansett village. But the parting beams of light trembled upon the mossy river bank, and long shadows stole around the wigwam, and then twilight, and gloom, and moon-rising followed; but Tisquontam came not. The father returned not to his child.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAUGHTER OF MASSASOIT.

Many moons passed away, and still the white captives remained unmolested in the Narragansett village, and Abbe Cloude learned that his life, as well as that of his young charge, Louis, had been decreed to be sacred by decision of the savages in council. Whether the Narragansetts, who, in the heat of their triumph, had sacrificed all the other emigrants' thrown into their power, were now disposed to preserve the remaining two as living trophies of the prowess of the tribe, or whether some other line of savage policy actuated their course, could not be divined by the captives; but it became evident that they were both received under the protection of the red men, and that, though still watched as prisoners, they were treated as members of the common family.

It might be that a spice of superstition mingled in the natures of the Indians, and that they deemed it better to restrain the exercise of further cruelty toward the strange invaders, whom they firmly believed to be sent by Hobbomocko, the Evil One, for the especial trial and tribulation of the red possessors of the land. As the Chinese and Yezidees endeavor at all times to keep, as they express it, "on good terms with the devil," so the aborigines were accustomed to pay a sort of deference to the Arch Enemy, for the purpose of conciliating any unusually hostile feelings which he might be supposed to entertain; and thus, in the reservation of their captives, the shrewd Narragansetts doubtless conceived themselves to be subserving a double purpose, that of retaining living monuments of their own valor, and palliating with Hobbomocko the deed of wholesale massacre they had committed upon the hapless passengers of the ship.

During many moons and years, mysterious narrative and startling rumors had been rife through all the northern tribes. Strange intelligence had reached them, by runners who had visited the red nations of the South, concerning armies of terrible men, with beards and white faces, who had come from across the great waters, walking the raging waves in a "big canoe," and carrying in their hands thunder and lightning. But now, at length, the tribes of the North had delivered their brethren of the strange enemies. The "big canoe" was now no more; it had been ground to pieces on the rocks of Massachusetts, and the invaders had become as the dust of the earth.

These were the words of the medicine-men and chief councillors in the grand lodge of the Narragansetts; therefore the warriors of that tribe no longer feared the pale-faces. They resolved that their captives should be held as slaves, in order that the far southern tribes might know the valor of the ocean Indians. For the Narragansetts could behold the great sea from their hunting-grounds, whilst the south tribes dwelt among the big rivers and swamps.

So moons passed away, and still Father Cloude and the youth Louis remained prisoners among the red men; but they no longer feared for their lives. They had learned the tongue of the Indians, and mingled in the councils of the chiefs. Abbe Cloude spoke words of wisdom to the old men, and Louis de Luzerne hunted with the young braves, trapping the beaver and shooting the wild deer in the forest.

And the Abbe spoke to the ancient chiefs, who no longer went forth to battle, of the sweetness that dwells with peace. He told them of the great Manitou of the white men, and of His mighty works. He comforted the aged braves when the Great Spirit's voice was heard calling them to the eternal hunting-grounds, and his tongue murmured gentle words to the little children whose fathers were no more.

But the youth Louis became beloved of the Indian maidens, and they wove rich belts of wampum to hang his quiver, and made soft moccasins for his feet, and plucked the feathers of eagles to knit him a warrior's head-dress; for the young stranger was comely to look upon, and skilful in the chase, and graceful in the dance of the youths.

Sameda, the daughter of the Sachem, Massasoit, was the pride of her father's tribe. Whose voice was so sweet in the songs of morning? Whose feet moved so lighly in the evening dance? Who was so fleet upon the hills? Like a young fawn was Sameda, daughter of the mighty war chief, Massasoit.

And Sameda, the Narragansett princess, loved the young stranger chief, who had been made captive by her father's bow and spear. The voice of Louis became like the murmur of clear fountains in her ears, and his glances stole into her bosom like sunlight into the wild-wood bowers. She loved in secret, speaking no word, for she feared the wrath of her stern sire; and therefore she would wander away in the stillness of night, and seek the shores of the star-lit sea—there to think of the young pale chief, till her heart was choked with sighs, and her brain grew wildered with strange thoughts.

And to the silent shore oftentimes repaired Louis de Luzerne; for he, too, loved to gaze upon the broad ocean, and dream of the land he had left beyond it. So, then, it was no wonder that upon the lonely beach, the youth and maiden met—and loved.

Upon the soft bosom of Sameda the brow of Louis soon learned to seek its pillow, and while the princess bent her ears to listen, and tremulously watched his eloquent face, he whispered to her tales of his far native land, and told the sad story of his own orphaned life, and of that beloved one—the sister of his youth—whose fair form he believed was now mouldering on Wachusett's height. And Sameda's heart throbbed with beautiful sympathy. She wound her arms about the neck of her lover, she dried his tearful eyes with her long, dark hair, and then murmured sweetly, in the musical language he had taught her—

"Sameda will be the sister of the white chief. The daughter of Massasoit will make her couch at the feet of him she loves!"

Ah! how rapturously sped those hours of dear communion on the moon-lighted marge of the sea. But a cloud was arising, to darken the loving hearts.

Sakanto was a mighty chief, and medicine-man of the tribe, wise in council, and cunning in the field.—The enemies of the Narragansetts feared his valor and wisdom, and no less was he dreaded by the braves of his own nation; for he dealt in strange secrets, and it was said that the evil Hobbomocko had charged his spirits to minister to Sakanto's will. Men feared his deep-set eye, when its glances crossed their own, and children fled from his path, to hide their faces in the bosoms of their trembling mothers.

But Sakanto was chief among the war-councillors, and his fame went far abroad, along the sea-shores, and among all the tribes that dwelt by the waters. He it was who had called together the young braves, and bade them watch the big canoe from the dark forests that overlooked the ocean. And he it was, the old men said, who commanded the spirits of air to lash up the waters into anger, and to drive the big canoe upon frightful rocks, that his red nation might conquer the white strangers. Therefore was Sakanto feared by all; even more than was Massasoit, the Sachem of many nations.

And Sakanto stalked from his wigwam, through the village, smiling not on the maidens, nor nodding his haughty head to the braves. He entered the lodge of Massasoit, and smoked with the Indian king the pipe of council. And when the dark chieftain returned again to his wigwam, a whisper went from one to another of the youths and maidens, that Sameda, the beautiful princess, had been betrothed to the terrible medicine man.

Sorrow bowed the hearts of the youthful princess and her lover, when next they met beside the murmuring sea. Sameda knew the power of that dread chieftain who sought her hand, and that Massasoit would never dare to provoke his anger, even should her own prayers be able to move her father's sympathies.

"Alas! must I fly from my beloved?" she cried, weeping upon the bosom of her pale-faced friend. "Must Sameda sit down in the lodge of Sakanto, and smile no more?"

"Never!" answered Louis, passionately. "One being whom I loved have your cruel kindred torn from me; but from Sameda I will never part!"

As the youth spoke, the figure of a man approached. It was the aged Abbe Cloude, whose calm voice was now heard—

"My son! is it indeed so? Do you love this daughter of the red people?"

"Father! father! unite us!" was the earnest reply of Louis. "Hear me! we are one in the sight of Heaven, but let us be made one by the rites of our holy religion! Oh, father! unite two loving hearts in the blessed bonds of marriage!" implored the young man.

"My son! what would you do? Know you not that Sakanto is the most powerful chieftain of the nation, save alone the king Massasoit? We are but captives, and at the mercy of our rude masters."

"We can but die, Abbe Cloude. Unite us, and let us fly together far from the Narragansett villages. I have learned from a runner the route to the English settlements in the south. Thither we will fly! Say you not so, Sameda? Wilt go with me?"

"Sameda is the wife of the white chief! She will follow him to his nation's hunting-grounds."

"Hear you that, Abbe Cloude? No time is to be lost. Unite us in marriage, and we will away together. God will conduct us."

Louis supported the light form of Sameda, who gazed into his eyes with a look of mute confidence. She knew not what marriage meant; she cared to know but one thing—that her fate would be joined to that of the young pale-face forever.

"Heaven wills it!" at length murmured the Abbe, devoutly. "I feel that it is right, and that our Father in Heaven sanctifies the union. Ye shall be married, dear children!"

And joining the hands of the youthful lovers, the good priest knelt and prayed that their union might be blessed by the Creator of Love. There, in the sight of the bright stars and the rolling ocean, in the lovely hour of night, Sameda plighted her faith to the stranger who possessed her heart, and received the earnest response of her lover's vows. And then Abbe Cloude uttered the solemn adjuration—

"Whom God hath joined together, let no one put asunder!"

The strange nuptial party then silently stole from the lonely beach; and all became quiet, save the low murmur of surges upon the sands, or the sough of swaying forest trees that overlooked the waters.

But the quiet was broken by the plash of a paddle in the wave, and from the shadow of a jutting rock, close beneath the spot where Sameda and her lover had knelt, shot forth a small canoe. It skimmed over the smooth water, along the shelving beach, and erect within it, his ominous glance following the receding figures of the maiden, the youth, and the priest, appeared a dusky Indian form.

It was Sakanto, the terrible medicine-man of the tribe!

CHAPTER XII.

THE PIRATES AT SEA.

Meanwhile, during the transition of events in the Narragansett village, Captain Pierre and his unscrupulous boat's crew steered their little vessel to the southward, coasting the perilous shoals of Cape Mollacar, rounding the isles of Capewak and Sagquoh, names now forgotten, or usurped by modern appellations, and keeping close to land withal, until the compass which they had preserved from the wreck, showed them the favorable place for striking forth to the islands lying nearest to the continent. No storms intercepted their progress, and their progress during the long summer days and moonlit nights was checked by no tedious calm, so that, without danger or delay, they at length reached the Havana. Here, taking council with their experienced leader, the company disposed of the pinnace, and sold the Indian children to the captain of a merchantman, who was about to sail forthwith for Bermuda, where servants of the sort were then in great demand. Tisquontam, who had recovered from his wound, was kept, in hopes of his fetching even more than forty-five pistoles, the round sum which had been received for each of the seven children, male and female; and then the gold gained by the sale of the pinnace and slaves, was, by Captain Pierre's advice, invested in the purchase of a light shallop or brigantine, wherewith they resolved to essay their fortunes on the high seas.

The Creole found no difficulty in increasing his company by the enlistment of several desperate fellows, who were then idling about the island, ready for any adventure, and who gladly entered into an engagement to share the excitement and profits of a rover's life. The Creole then selected the Spaniard, Lopez, for his chief officer, or lieutenant, and mustering the men, now increased to a score or more of reckless desperadoes, opened his plans in business style.

"We are now about to follow the example of many brave gentlemen," said Captain Pierre.—"There be great store of treasure for strong hands to win, and I bethink me, comrades, of a notable place wherein we may gallantly steer. It is a cruising-ground near the island of the Dutch, called Curassou. In those seas resort divers merchantmen, and Spanish boats withal, laden with gold and silver, silks and Indian stuffs, laces, ribbons, and quicksilver, together with spices, vanilla, cochineal, and cocoa, the which fetch heavy prices at the Havana, or in the new colonies of America. Peradventure, comrades, if we take a dozen of these Spanish boats, as they go on their trading occasions, we shall find such mass of rich booty, as will buy a great cruising ship for us. Then can we trade briskly in slaves, which are easily caught, as were those heathen imps, and mayhap make capture of some great galleon of the Dons or Portugals, so that we be speedily enriched for our lives."

The announcement of this scheme was received with much favor by the Creole's motley followers, and they set themselves directly to the work of fitting their brigantine for the voyage. Nevertheless, as it was not thought best to leave any traces whereby their course from the Havana might be too easily traced, Captain Pierre directed his lieutenant, Lopez, as well as others of the crew, to give out among the town's people that the vessel was bound to France, to bring thence certain stores for the new colonies of that nation. Meantime, Captain Pierre purchased arms and ammunition, with such hard pieces of gold as he had saved from the wreck of the emigrant ship.

Very soon the brigantine was made ready for sea, and word given to her crew to repair on board, which all were right glad to do, impatient for the adventures and booty promised by the leader. But, as they were about to weigh anchor, there appeared a tall, well-favored man upon the shore, whose bronzed countenance gave evidence of its possessor's acquaintance with the vicissitudes of American climates. He was, moreover, well apparelled, and wore a mien of much dignity. With him came a sea-captain, who commanded a large ship of Britain, which was anchored in the roadstead, and behind followed a couple of mariners, who bore a heavy and iron-bound box.

"I would have speech immediate with the captain of this brigantine, whereof I hear that she is presently departing for France," said the new-comer."

"I am at your service, monsieur," replied the Creole, in French, which was the language used by the other. "What would you of Captain Pierre Jacot?"

"Captain Pierre Jacot—if that be your name—I desire to bargain with you for my passage hence to France, whither I am bound," said the stranger.

The Creole started, for he had not looked for such an application, as the tale which he had given out concerning his destination, was, as we have seen, a subterfuge concealing his real course. Nevertheless, he found himself compelled to make answer, and therefore rejoined that the brigantine's accommodations were very narrow, and badly suited to the comfort of a man of quality such as the applicant appeared to be.

"Oh, as for that matter, worthy Captain Pierre Jacot," returned the stranger, "I am not difficult to please in the way of accommodations, having seen many hardships in my day. But it is necessary that I depart speedily for France, good sir, for I am desirous of beholding those dearer to me than life. I have store of wealth, Captain Pierre," continued he, with a glance toward the iron-bound box, which the sailor had deposited on the sand behind him, "and I promise you that no slight recompense shall be yours, for the trouble that I may give."

The Creole's avaricious disposition was immediately awakened, as his eye rested upon the strong box, wherein his fancy at once beheld ingots of gold and precious stones piled in glittering confusion. He paused a moment, evolving in his mind a scheme to obtain possession of the stranger's wealth at small risk to himself, and then said, briskly,

"If such be your willingness, monsieur, to abide our poor comforts, we shall doubtless make shift to bestow you for the voyage—for you are, I trust, without company."

"Myself and yonder chest are the only burthens your brigantine will have to carry," answered the other. "Here is my good friend, the brave captain commanding yonder English ship, would have taken us, but he abides here a month yet, and I am anxious to be away."

"And you will find your passenger a prince of a gentleman, Captain Jacot," said the bluff merchant-captain. "I am loth to lose his company, which I have had from the Newfoundland shores. Nathless, the best of friends must part."

Saying this, he grasped the hand of the French passenger, and shook it warmly.

"Now to get this chest aboard," said the stranger to Captain Pierre. "Order, I pray, a sturdy man to assist these honest mariners, for I promise you the trash is heavy."

The Creole's eyes twinkled, and he cried to Lopez,

"Whip up yon savage, Tisquontam, for he is strong as any bullock, and we'll have the box aboard in a trice."

Tisquontam was driven ashore, and ordered to lift the chest, which he did with scarce an apparent effort, much to the astonishment of the two English mariners, who had toiled heartily in conveying the ponderous burden from their own ship to the shore-side near the brigantine. The Indian gravely carried the box to the vessel, and deposited it in its designated place, with as much ease as if it had been but a portmanteau.

"That's a lusty rascal you have, Captain Pierre," remarked the English skipper, gazing admiringly at the muscular proportions and stately attitude of the Indian, who, having performed his task, stood with folded arms, and coal-black eye fixed upon the group before him.

"A sturdy dog, but a troublesome one withal in our small vessel," answered the Creole. "I would right willingly part with him for a hundred pistoles."

"It is too much," said the English captain. "Mayhap sixty pistoles might be afforded from my purse, but a hundred—I could not think of it. And the mariner turned away.

"Get you forward, heathen dog!" cried the Creole, angrily, addressing the Indian. But Tisquontam, absorbed in thought of his distant hunting-ground and the daughter of his love, heeded not the angry voice of his kidnapper.

"Hound! do you mock me?" cried Captain Pierre, observing that the savage gave no attention to his command. "Take that, then, to help your Indian wits." And, seizing a tarred rope from the capstan near him, the brutal Creole dealt his unconscious captive a heavy blow over the face that stripped the skin from his forehead, and made the blood stream over his whole features.

"By St. Denis! that's a shame, Captain Pierre Jacot!" cried the Frenchman, who, just bidding his adieu to the English mariner, beheld the sudden blow which the Indian received, and saw, likewise, that the Creole, apprehensive of the consequence of his own act, had lifted the rope's end again as if to repeat his stroke, though the savage stood immovable. "Look ye, sir—the poor fellow bleeds."

"Let him bleed—or die—the loss is mine," quoth the Creole, moodily. "But there's no danger—the heathen dog is tough."

The stranger turned from the brutal rover and caught the eye of Tisquontam fixed on his own, with a glance at once intelligent and grateful. He felt compassion moving him at the sight, and a sudden impulse inspired him to rescue the poor savage from his cruel owner. Turning immediately to the English mariner, who, like himself, had witnessed with disgust the uncalled for brutality of Captain Pierre, he said, hastily—

"When good friends part, Captain, it is a good custom that bids to exchange tokens of remembrance between them. Give me now that plain gold ring on your little finger, Captain, and on my part, I will bestow this Indian Hercules upon you for a body servant. Nay, no demur I pray you, friend—I like it well."

Saying this, and in spite of the opposition of the British captain, who protested against the smallness of the equivalent which the Frenchman demanded, being a ring of little value against one hundred pistoles, the price asked for Tisquontam, the money was counted out and paid into the Creole's hands, though the latter would fain have retracted his offer, when he saw that his passenger was to pay for the slave. For the treacherous Creole had resolved in his own mind to make away with the Frenchman, so soon as they should be got upon their voyage, in order that the strong box, which, as he rightly deemed, contained much wealth, might fall into the hands of himself and pirate crew.

But heaven had ordained all these events, for its own wise purposes, and so Captain Pierre was constrained to adhere to his bargain, and transfer the Indian man Tisquontam to the merchant captain. The poor savage, who seemed very well to comprehend the motives of compassion which had impelled the French stranger to become his purchaser, cast a look of renewed gratitude toward the latter, as he followed his new master and the two sailors from the brigantine; and Captain Pierre, looking after him with a gloomy expression, then gave hurried orders to cast off the vessel. Presently the forts and harbor were passed, and before evening the swift sailing little craft had many a league of ocean between herself and the Havana.

But the Creole, impatient to obtain possession of the strong box belonging to his passenger, and to proceed, thereafter, on his voyage of plunder to the windward islands, delayed not long before developing his design to the Spaniard, Lopez, and a few of his ready men. It was resolved at once to attack the Frenchmen in his sleep, and make away with him as speedily as possible, casting his body into the sea; after which his treasure could be ransacked, without making known the circumstance to all the rovers; and thus, whatever valuables should be secured, could be divided among the few actual participants in the deed of murder. In this manner the greedy Creole desired, at the same time, to rob his passenger and cheat the most of his followers of their share of the plunder.

All things were prepared, and, at the dead of night, the Frenchman was startled from his slumber, by the

sudden stroke of a knife, wielded by the ruffian Spaniard, which, though intended to penetrate his heart, fell short of the mark, and only inflicted a slight wound, sufficient to arouse the intended victim to a vigorous struggle for his life. No less than three villains were assailing him at once, whilst, by the glimmer of a binnacle lamp, the malicious eyes of Captain Pierre overlooked the work of his myrmidons. Opposite the Frenchman's resting-place, a small locker in the round-house, was an open window, and through this could be discerned the water, black as the grave, for neither moon nor star were visible in the heavens.

It had been the intention of the Lieutenant Lopez to strike so sure a blow in the sleeping Frenchman's breast, as should deprive him of all power of resistance, when he might be dragged immediately to the round-house window and cast into the sea. But either the dim light misled his sight, or his unsteady hand deceived him, so that the Spaniard, as we have seen, missed his aim, and the next moment felt his own throat compressed in the grips of his contemplated victim.

And then took place in that narrow round-house a deadly conflict, which lasted for several minutes, in which the passenger, armed only with a short dagger that he grasped from his berth, made shift to keep at bay not only the three villains, but the captain himself, who came, cutlass in hand, to their assistance. Nought illumined the scene but the dull binnacle light, whose rays dimly entered through the open door of the round-house, and no noise was made but the wrestle of those who attempted to grasp the Frenchman, and once or twice the sound of a heavy stroke against the panels of the berth. At last, a desperado, who had approached within fatal range of the brave passenger's weapon, received a powerful downward blow upon his heart, and sunk heavily to the deck, mortally wounded, while the Frenchman made a desperate spring for the round-house door.

"We must call the crew, this fellow is a devil!" muttered Captain Pierre, placing a whistle to his lips, and blowing it shrilly. Immediately a rush of feet was heard from the forward part of the brigantine, and the Creole, darting from the round-house, beheld Lopez, the Spaniard, and his French passenger, grappled together beside the starboard taffrail of the vessel, and bending like wrestlers, in a close embrace their arms locked, and the knife of each glittering in the obscurity.

"Upon him, comrades! 'Hew him to pieces!—the Frenchman! He has killed one of us already!" cried Captain Pierre, to the men, who now came hurrying aft. "Stab him, or Lopez will be strangled."

It did indeed seem that the Spaniard's breath was about to be effectually stopped, for the Frenchman had suddenly dropped his own weapon, and clasping the armed hand of Lopez with his left fingers, shifted his right to the throat of his adversary which he pressed against the taffrail with a grasp like iron. The lieutenant's comrades saw his danger, and with raised cutlasses, rushed together upon the now unarmed Frenchman. But ere they could reach him, the combat was decided, by the weight of the two men breaking the taffrail on which they pressed so heavily. It parted with a crash, and pirate, as well as passenger, fell headlong from the brigantine, and disappeared beneath the black waves under her quarter.

A single sound, half gurgling gasp, half shriek, came to the ears of the horror-stricken rovers. Then the brigantine plunged on her way, and the moaning wind in her shrouds was all that disturbed the night's stillness.

Captain Pierre, quickly as possible, ordered the vessel to be rounded to, and a boat to be got in readiness. But in vain the ready sailors listened for a voice or struggle in the water. All remained quiet, and the Creole, with a curse, led the way to the round-house, where, all stark upon the deck, lay the body of the ruffian whose breast had been cloven by the Frenchman's dagger.

"Curses! the business has cost me two of my best men!" muttered the Creole. "Ay, indeed! better had I lost three, than Lopez, for he stuck at nothing that I commanded!"

Thus grumbled Captain Pierre, as the slain rover's body was committed to the waves; but his regrets became less poignant when a scrutiny of the lost stranger's strong box revealed to him, not, indeed, as he had fancied, ingots and dis monds, but still a goodly store of roubles and pistoles, enough to ransom a whole ship's crew from Barbary. The Creole's eyes danced over the plunder, and he forgot his wretched tool, the Spaniard Lopez. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE PATH of duty is the way of glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outrivalen
All voluptuous garden-roses
The path of duty is the way to glory:
He that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Thro' the long gorge to the far light, has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty, scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
—Tennyson.

☞ A WOMAN'S WILL.—Won't! ! !—*Punch.*

☞ MAKING BOTH ENDS MEAT.—Roasting a pig's head and tail.

☞ ONEROUS.—An obituary notice of an eminent physician tells us that "there are many families in which three generations have *fallen* under his care."

☞ It is not often that the minds of men are so composed as to estimate at their just worth and no more the events with which they are brought face to face. There is a disposition sometimes to exaggerate, sometimes to extenuate their importance. Very trivial occurrences have been attended with great pomp, and have served to excite the hopes or fears of powerful communities; while the most momentous transactions on record have been gone through in a spirit of carelessness or buffoonery.

☞ MISERY.—After writing an important letter in a great hurry, you seize hold of the *inkstand* instead of the *sand-box*, and give it a finishing touch!

☞ LA BRUYERE says: "When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may be sure the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it."

☞ CONVERSATION.—In private conversation between intimate friends, the wisest men very often talk the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

☞ ADHESIVE ENVELOPES.—Those that stick to the post office clerks' fingers when they sort the letters. These envelopes, by a singular coincidence, are generally found to contain money.

☞ AN Irish gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, threatened if he caught him, "Be the powers, he'd lock him up in the ice house and warm his jacket for him."

☞ A GOOD THOUGHT.—"Though it be not in your power," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, or a mathematician, it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all."

☞ Women endure pain, poverty and the severest misfortune with more fortitude than men, but melt at the first harsh words from those they love. With her own heart open before her, no true mother can speak harshly to her child—the tone would rend the little tendrils of affection that are clinging to her, and, like vines in spring ruthlessly cut, they might bleed with a fatal hindrance to health.

☞ Emerson, in a lecture on the Anglo-American, says:—"Americans would ride in steamers made of lucifer matches, if they could thereby save one hour in crossing the Atlantic."

☞ The Chinese seem to think dancing a useless fatigue. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday. While they were dancing, a Chinese who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, not paid in advance. For $5 IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - - - - - - - -	$8,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	16,00 "
12 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	30,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ARREARAGES TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

KANSAS.

The report of the "destruction" of Kansas by the United States officers, appears to be erroneous. We give, in our news columns, an accurate and circumstantial an account of the occurrences in question as we have been able to obtain. The main features of that account we judge to be true, because they are in conformity with the testimony of Judge Fain, of Georgia, who officiated as the deputy of the U. S. Marshal Donaldson, though he is said to have been only three weeks in the Territory. The "Border Times," a pro-slavery journal," thus narrates the matter in an "extra," dated the 22nd inst.:

LAWRENCE TAKEN!—We are indebted to Judge W. P. Fain, of Calhoun, Ga., for the following highly important news. Judge F. was Deputy Marshal, and an eye-witness.

Early yesterday morning the U. S. Marshal's posse took possession of the Mound in front of Lawrence, and between 10 and 11 o'clock the Marshal sent his Deputy, W. P. Fain, Esq., into Lawrence, with a posse of eight; they made four arrests, and returned and delivered their prisoners to the Marshal, who then dismissed his entire posse, when Sheriff Jones immediately summoned them all, and took about twenty with him into Lawrence. Jones rode up in front of the Free State Hotel, and calling for General Pomeroy, demanded all the Sharpe rifles and artillery, giving him five minutes to decide whether he would surrender or not. Pomeroy said he would surrender all he could get—fifteen minutes was allowed to stack them in the street. Sheriff Jones then requested Col. Eldridge to move his furniture from the Free State Hotel, giving him two hours to do so. Eldridge declined, when the posse entered and removed most of the furniture into the street. They then carried the artillery in front of the Free State Hotel, and fired on it until the walls began to fall; they then set it on fire, and left it in ruins.

The printing material of the Herald of Freedom and Kansas Free State offices were then thrown into the river, a la "Register" and "Luminary."

After a portion of the posse had left, Robinson's house was burned.

During the excitement, a man attempted to run, was hailed, did not stop—he was shot.

A pro-slavery man was accidentally killed by the falling of a brick from the hotel walls.

It therefore appears to be true beyond denial, that after making certain arrests in Lawrence, Sheriff Jones—who seems now to be as well as ever, notwithstanding his late "severe wound"—proceeded deliberately to destroy a hotel, and the printing materials of two newspapers, on the plea that they had been declared a nuisance, not by any Court, but by a *Grand Jury.*

It is further acknowledged by Judge Fain that a man who attempted to run was shot, that General Robinson's dwelling was burned, and (according to other statements) that the dwellings and stores of Lawrence were very generally ransacked and plundered. And all this under the very eyes of the United States officers, who seem to have made no effort to prevent it.

It appears that the men of Lawrence had generally retired to Topeka, before the entrance of the United States posse. Their reasons for declining any conflict with the General Government, are very evident. However much they might be inclined to oppose the officers and supporters of what they consider a bogus legislature, their policy from the first has been to submit themselves as loyal citizens to the agents of the General Government.

For these burnings and outrages perpetrated by Sheriff Jones, the U. S. Marshal, and others, in Lawrence, we cannot see a particle of justification. Even if resistance had been made to them by the citizens, it would not have warranted such a wanton destruction of life and of private property—but no resistance being made, it is without the least excuse before the country.

THE CRAMPTON DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Crampton, upon his dismissal, closed his legation, no doubt under instructions from home, and Mr. Lumsley, his Secretary, applied for passports for himself and the other attaches of the Embassy. It further appears that Mr. Crampton, some months ago, formally tendered his resignation to the British Government, in order to promote the harmony of the two countries, but was specially desired to continue in his position. From these things, it is inferred that Mr. Dallas will be dismissed in turn from England.

Judging by that important barometer, the Stock market, the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the three Consuls, tempered by the President's offer to arbitrate the difficulty in relation to Nicaragua, so far as it is a geographical difficulty, is not calculated to bring about a war. Still, even the stock jobbers are occasionally deceived, like other very shrewd classes of the community.

We think, for our own part, that if Mr. Crampton was to be dismissed, it is a pity it were not done before the reception of the late despatch from Lord Clarendon. There is something ungracious in the act now, which would not have been the case then. If we were resolved to accept the excuses of the principal, we should have consented to overlook, or at least to pardon, the acts of the agents—especially as the enlistment scheme really amounted to nothing, being an utter failure from first to last.

EDWARD EVERETT AND THE CONNECTICUT LEGISLATURE.—The Connecticut Legislature rescinded their resolution inviting the Hon. Edward Everett to deliver his oration on Washington in New Haven, upon hearing of Mr. Everett's refusal to participate in the late meeting at Boston to express the popular indignation at the attack of Brooks upon Mr. Sumner. The ground taken was that no man who declined to aid in maintaining the dignity of the Senate, and the right of free speech, was fit to be heard by a Connecticut audience upon the character of Gen. Washington.

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* states Mr. Everett's ground for this refusal. It says that Mr. Everett stated to the Committee that waited on him to request his presence as one of the Vice Presidents of the meeting, that he shared the feeling which pervaded the community on the subject of the assault on Mr. Sumner, to its full extent; but as he had retired definitely from public life on resigning his seat in the Senate, two years ago, and had often and quite recently repeated his intention to adhere to that determination, he thought he could not consistently take part in the meeting.

CANNOT SUPPLY THEM.—We can no longer supply back numbers of March 8, April 19 and 26, and May 3—the editions of those weeks being completely exhausted.

SENSIBLE LETTERS.

We take the liberty of laying before our readers a couple of letters recently received from correspondents in the Southern portion of the Union, and which probably may be justly regarded as indicative of the sentiments of a large number of our Southern subscribers. The first is from a gentleman at Bruceville, Alabama, and reads—the material portion of it—as follows:—

"I have no disposition to dispense with one of the best papers I ever read, simply because I chance to differ with (some of?) the editorials. My motto is, let every man enjoy and express his opinion as he chooses. I take a paper for the *news*, to learn what is going on in the world, and not to get any editor to think for me. So long as you give me the facts, without dissimbling or keeping back a part, you may look for my name in your list of subscribers."

We may remark upon the above, that we always strive our best to give the facts in every matter—without regard to which party they help, or which they hurt. We sometimes are deceived, of course; but we exercise our best judgment in every case—and if we find we have made a misstatement, correct the blunder at the earliest opportunity.

One thing more we think we may reasonably say to those who, on the whole, do not like the tone of our editorial columns—*Make a practice of not reading them.* Take it for granted that there is some abominably mistaken view, of some kind, there, and refuse to vex yourselves with the opinions of such a wrong-headed fellow. Certainly there is enough in the paper to read, without touching the editorials—a great deal more (since the change of form) than the mass of our readers expected to get for their money. Let us have two or three columns of this excess of space over what you expected, to ourselves; and religiously refuse even to read the first word of what is weekly set down there. This is the age of compromises—and certainly that is a tolerably good specimen of the article.

Another gentleman, a subscriber since 1850, writing from Acona, Mississippi, says:—

ACONA, April 5, 1856.

Editor: Enclosed, please find $2 50. I do not know whether I am in arrears or not, not having received any notice from you to that effect. I think the change in the Post has made it the cheapest and most desirable paper in the country. I see by your last, that some of your Southern subscribers have had their papers discontinued, on account of your free soil propensities. I have seen these in your paper during the whole time I have been taking it, but have thought none the less of the paper, or its editors, on that account. It is one of the blessings of this country that a man can think what he pleases, and say what he thinks; and I think that any man who wishes to debar any one that privilege, is unworthy of the blessing himself. I am a Southern man myself, and have never been in a Free State in my life. I am so much attached to the South and its institutions as any man in it, but to use a common expression, "I do not see the use of one's lifting off their nose to spite their face;" that is, stopping the best paper in Uncle Sam's dominions, just because the editor has independence enough to say what he thinks.

As our correspondent says he has seen "free-soil propensities" in our paper ever since he has been taking it, we suppose they must have been there—but really we cannot understand why any sensible Southern man should take offence at the preference felt by Northerners for their "peculiar institutions." Has not the South of late years become much more intolerant than it used to be? Our opinions upon the subject of slavery are not very different from those of Washington and Jefferson, and other eminent Southerners of the olden time. If the expression of sentiments like theirs can no longer be heard without fierce wrath by the Southerners of the present day—does it not prove that it is not we of the North who have grown more ultra in our opposition to Slavery, but the people of the South in their love of it?

It used to be, that you could not find one Southern man in a hundred, but would admit that slavery was at least an "evil"—something to be mourned and regretted, even if the mode did not seem to open to do away with it. Is it so now? We judge not—or else Southerners themselves would oppose its extension into the new and virgin territory of the Union. For the only mode in which that extension can be reasonably justified, is to base it upon the supposition that slavery is not an evil, but a good. It cannot be right to extend an institution which is evil—to plant it upon new soil, and incorporate its virus with the institutions which are to affect the weal or wo of unborn millions.

It seems to us, therefore, that it is the South which has changed its views, and grown fanatical upon this question, rather than the North.

But, however this may be, should not the right of free thought and free speech, as our correspondents assert, be sacredly preserved and respected in both sections of the Union? Can there long be any Union without it? Once cut all the cords of friendliness and interest now binding the North and South together,—Northern men refusing to deal with the pro-slavery South, and Southern men with the anti-slavery North—and, in the course of a few years, where will the Union be? It is a great mistake to suppose that political connections will long endure the sundering of social, commercial and religious ones. But what man, worthy of the name, will put a chain upon his soul, and a padlock upon his lips, for the sake of a little larger portion of "filthy lucre?" And where is the freedom our fathers fought for and bequeathed, if we must go with our mouths gagged and muzzled up and down the thoroughfares of this world, like a hound in the dog days? What is freedom without liberty of speech and of the press?—a mere delusion, an empty, worthless sham. And therefore it is, that the first movement of tyranny in any country, is at the throat of free speech and a free press. There can be no tyranny where these are free—there can be no liberty, worthy of the name, where these are not free. And the despotism of the many may as effectually strangle the right of free discussion as the despotism of the few.

PROPORTIONAL HOMICIDE.

Among the anecdotes which float like thistle-down through the atmosphere of Washington, is this exquisite bit of *naivete* on the part of Mr. Dubois, the Minister from the Netherlands. It will be remembered that it was in Mr. Dubois' presence that the unfortunate Keating was shot by Herbert. The accounts are that he sat still at the table during the whole transaction, never once moving from his seat until the affair was over. His probable stupefaction will be better understood when we consider that *that* was his first day at Washington—*that* his first breakfast in the city—and the murder of Keating his introductory view of Society as the capital of our country. No wonder that he should remain glued to his seat speechless, during the experience. It was not till an hour or so afterwards, that he expressed to a brother minister, in the following terms, at once his convictions and his fears: "Mine Gott! vot a peoples! If dey kill one man vor breakfast, how manys will dey kill vor dinner?"

Mr. Dubois has not scrupled to speak of the Herbert case, to his own friends, as a downright murder. He says there was no time during the struggle in which Herbert's life was in the least danger. Of course, in such a city, and surrounded by such bold, unscrupulous men, he dislikes to testify in the Courts to what he saw of the fray. His own reason for refusing to testify is, that if he went into Court and told the truth, half of the papers in the country would call him a liar the next morning!

BIG HEAD.—The following reply to a query has been sent to us—we know not whether in jest or earnest. We give it *for what it is worth*:—

Mr. Editor:—In your issue of April 5, Mr. J. K. wished to know the best cure for *Big Head* in horses; the following is a very simple and certain cure:—Take 3 common toads and stew them slowly three hours in fresh butter, and anoint the part affected twice a day. AN OLD HOME RAISED OUT WEST.
Springfield, Mo.

COLLIER'S SHAKESPEARE.—The edition of this work published by *Mr. J. S. Redfield, New York*, points out the different readings and changes, giving the text of the newly discovered folios.

WEBB AND BROOKS.

It will be remembered that Brooks of S. C., recently sent a message to Col. Webb, of the N. York Courier and Inquirer, who resides in Washington, asking whether he took the responsibility of certain articles which had appeared in that paper—of which the following is a sample:—

A NOMINATION—THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—We nominate Tom Hyer for Congress. We are ambitious that the Fourth District of New York should be represented more respectably than the Fourth District of South Carolina. It is not to be endured that such an artist as Preston S. Brooks should be the champion of the Congressional ring. True, he "travels on his muscle" splendidly. He is a regular bruiser. But he lacks chivalry. He takes advantage. When he "sails in" he does it like a coward. He is worse than Yankee Sullivan. "Yankee," ungentlemanly as he was, never "sailed in," unless the man was on his feet, and had some notice. The late lamented William Poole would have treated Preston S. Brooks as a ticklish, dastardly, despicable bully—a disgrace to the "noble art of self-defence." Brooks must be made to respect the laws of the ring; and Mr. Hyer is just the man to accomplish this. He has a spirit that rises in indignation against such Turkish brutality as he sees at Washington. He considers it pure scoundrelism. Mr. Hyer is a citizen who gives no pledges; but his life speaks for him. New York may rely upon it, that he would not prove unfaithful to her pugilistic honor. He would vindicate the fair repute of the ring, and "punish" Brooks. True, we could not expect that with his sentiments towards the man, Mr. Hyer would condescend to deal him a regular sockdolager. The science he loves would hardly allow of that. Ben Caunt and the best authorities all agree that the foot only must be employed in such cases. But that is sufficient. *Ex pede Herculem;* and Mr. Hyer can even thus show something of his prowess, as well as his contempt for one whom his education teaches him to look upon as a caitiff. Mr. Hyer must go to Washington.

Col. Webb replied that he had published nothing so far upon the subject, but that a letter from him was shortly to appear, that would represent his sentiments. In a few days the letter—a very long one—came out. Its length precludes more than the simple statement that within the last five months four assaults had been made by Southern members of Congress as follows:—

First, then, William Smith, an ex-Governor of the State of Virginia, and member of the House of Representatives, assailed and beat the editor of the Evening Star, in December last, in the lobby of the House.

Second, Albert Rusk, a member of the House of Representatives from Arkansas, assailed and beat the editor of the New York Tribune in the grounds of the Capitol, immediately after leaving the House of Representatives.

Third, Philip P. Herbert, of Alabama, a member of Congress from California, shot down and killed an Irish waiter at Willard's, and is now under bonds to appear before the Grand Jury and await his trial for such crime as they may adjudge him to have committed.

Fourth, Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina, assails and beats unmercifully a Senator from Massachusetts, when occupying his seat in the Senate of the United States and engaged in the transaction of business legitimately appertaining to his position.

Col. Webb took the ground that these things were but the natural results of the institution of Slavery, holding the same line of argument that Mr. Jefferson did in his famous *Notes on Virginia.* As the letter contained little bearing personally upon Mr. Brooks, the latter avowed himself "satisfied."

BROOKS CHALLENGED.—The following challenge to Brooks, of S. C., is published in one of the papers:—

I challenge Preston S. Brooks to meet me on any spot on "Mason and Dixon's" line named by himself—weapons to be gutta percha canes—I having the privilege to take him sitting with his legs under a desk, with his cane half a mile from him.

J. M. HOLMES.

New Publications.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENCER HOUGHTON CONE, A BAPTIST PREACHER IN AMERICA. Livermore & Rudd, N. Y. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The numerous members of the Baptist Church in this country will welcome this well written biography of a famous preacher and man. There is also much in it to engage the attention of the general reader. Dr. Cone sprang from a sturdy stock. His maternal ancestor was Roger Conant, one of three good men and true who, to quote the eloquent Bancroft, "making choice of Salem as affording a convenient refuge for the exiles of religion, resolved to remain as the sentinels of Puritanism on the Bay of Massachusetts." His father was Conant Cone, a gallant and handsome soldier of the Revolution. His mother was Alice Houghton, the daughter of Joab Houghton, of New Jersey, one of the first field officers created by that State for the Continental army. The following stirring anecdote is told of the latter:—

"It was in old Hopewell Baptist meeting-house, Hunterdon county, N. J., where Conant Cone and Alice Houghton alike worshipped, and where they were immersed, that Joab Houghton received the first news of the battle of Lexington and the defeat of the Earl of Northumberland, the haughty descendant of the hero of Chevy Chace, by the half-armed yeomanry of New England. Stilling the breathless messenger, he sat quietly through the services, and when they were ended passed out, and mounting the great stone block in front of the meeting-house, beckoned to the people to stop. Men and women paused to hear, curious to know what so unusual a sequel to the service of the day could mean. At the first words a silence stern as death fell over all. The Sabbath quiet of the hour and the place was deepened into a terrible solemnity. He told them all the story of the cowardly murder at Lexington by the royal troops; the heroic vengeance following hard upon it—the retreat of Percy; the gathering of the children of the Pilgrims around the beleaguered hills of Boston. Then pausing, and looking over the silent crowd—he said slowly, 'Men of New Jersey, the red-coats are murdering our brethren of New England! Who follows me to Boston?' And every man of that audience stepped out into line, and answered, 'I!' There was not a coward, nor a traitor in old Hopewell meeting-house that day."

The biography is pierced thus with loopholes through which we see shining views of the old Revolutionary chivalry and the heroic life of the land at that time. Biographically considered, it has the ring of an earnest and manly life. It is the work of Dr. Cone's son, and is written *con amore*, with power and eloquence.

THE STANDARD SPEAKER, CONTAINING EXERCISES FOR ORAL AND SILENT SPELLING. By EPES SARGENT. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The book is arranged in accordance with a new system, and will be a valuable work both to pupils and teachers. Mr. Sargent's success in arranging the "Standard Speaker" and the former series of Readers, gives his present work a claim on the attention of all persons interested in finding the best implements of education.

VASSAL MORTON. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Vassal Morton is a nice novel, its scenes laid in America and Europe, and full of adventure by "flood and fell." It is written pleasantly and brilliantly, and has chapters of much dramatic power.

W. B. ZIEBER has the *Westminster Quarterly Review.* It contains an appreciative and eulogistic review of Motley's splendid History of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic;" a searching article on the "English Law of Divorce," with special reference to the case of Mrs. Norton, the story of whose wrongs is already familiar to the world; an essay on "Medical Despotism," which is curious and learned, and may be read with pleasure and profit; and several other able articles, together with the usual thorough review of Contemporary Literature.

The same house has also *Blackwood* for May.—Among other good things, it contains a fine article entitled "The Scot Abroad,"—giving some account of Monro, Lord George Seton, James Keith, and other Scotch adventurers and cavaliers of fortune, who made their lives part of European history.

Arthur's Home Magazine, for June, may be found at the periodical depots—and also Littell's Living Age.

THE HIAWATHA LEGEND. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Here we have the original legends which gave Longfellow occasion for Hiawatha. The book is dedicated to the poet, and is the work formerly printed under the heading of "Algic Researches," somewhat revised and improved, and sent out again with another, and a catchpenny, title. The thirty (or is it forty?) thousand readers of the famous aboriginal poem will find the legends interesting; and they are moreover valuable as affording insight to the much misunderstood qualities of Indian character. Many of them have not been touched by Longfellow, though full of a wild and wonderful, if rather grotesque, beauty.

From T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut Street, we have *Putnam's Magazine*, for June. It contains the usual amount of excellent reading matter, among which is an able and amusing article on "Chicago, in 1856; and a beautiful tale—"Annie at the Corner"—evidently from the graceful pen of George William Curtis." From the same house we have also the June issues of Dickens' "Household Words," and "The School Fellow"—the latter full of pictures, fairy stories, and excellent articles of varied character, and a good number of one of the best of children's magazines.

IOWA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MASON CITY, CERRO GORDO CO., IOWA.

Messrs. Editors of Sat. Eve. Post:—Having noticed, of late, several communications in your paper, regarding Western Lands, some of which, I am sorry to say, contain misrepresentations of our prosperous and beautiful State, I deemed 'twere but fair and just that those misrepresentations should be corrected, and matters set in their true light. One of your correspondents, hailing from Perrysburg, Ohio, appears to have a very imperfect knowledge of the prices of produce in Iowa, as also of the relative proportion of chills and fever in that and other prairie regions.

He says, "corn in Iowa, fifteen cents per bushel," *plus* how much, he says not. The price of corn in this region, has been about forty cents per bushel, during the past winter. We have, and *must continue* to have for some three or four years to come, a *home* market for our produce, at more remunerative prices, than can be got at the larger marketing stations.

The reason of this is obvious. We are yet in a new country, comparatively speaking; and the tide of emigration, for the next two years will create a demand that must exceed the local supply. After that time, for probably two more years, the newer settlements further north and west will demand all our surplus produce, and take it from our very doors, at a good price.

By the time that our *home* market is done away with, public improvements will furnish us with a market at our very doors, so to speak. Let this not be regarded as a mere idle boast, for it is a fact beyond cavil, that public improvements are closer on the heels of Iowa, than they have ever been in the settlement of any other State in the Union.

Were not comparisons odious, I would draw one between the region around our Perrysburg friend, and Northern Iowa. Suffice it to say, that having been a resident of that portion of Ohio, and also of the interior and northern part of Iowa, "I am confident" that our friend's "confidence" is misplaced. A more healthy region than this can hardly be found.

A few words with reference to soil, climate, price and rise of lands, and I am done. Our soil is a deep black loam, with a limestone foundation, admirably adapted to the cultivation of all kinds of grain and grass, so far as tried, with the exception of winter wheat. We have the best supplied region with nice, clear, running spring branches, that I have ever seen, *or heard of.*

We have also an abundance of good stone quarries. Stone coal has been found, in small quantities, in the north-western portion of our county, and thirty-five miles off are some of the heaviest coal mines in our State.

The climate, to one who has been, like myself, a resident of north-western Ohio, seems delightful. Although it is cold during the winter, it is very steady, and rains and mud during the winter we know not. The coldest weather that we had during the past winter was not so cold as was experienced in many places east of us, and lying further south. Twenty-six degrees below zero was the greatest degree of cold indicated by the thermometer during the winter.

Wild prairie can still be bought, combining the advantages of a rich and fertile soil, pleasant and healthy location, proximity to settlement, timber and the County seat, (this place,) good running, living, spring-water, and stone quarries; and at prices rating from $3 to $5 per acre. Let no one, however, presume that these will be the ruling rates in three months from date, for our country is just beginning to come into notice, and the demand for land will be great during the coming summer and fall.

In conclusion, let me say, that those who have traveled extensively, generally admit that the "Cedar Valley Country," including the valley of the Red Cedar River, and the valley of its tributaries, the "Little Cedar," "Shell Rock River," "Lime Creek," and the "West Fork," offer superior inducements to the emigrant. In this opinion I fully concur. Let me also say, that any one who is desirous of bettering his condition by emigration to Iowa, will do well to be up and doing, to bestir himself, and delay not, as the price of land in this region rises with a rapidity hardly imaginable by one who has spent his days where land bears the same price year after year.

IRVING W. CARD.

SUMNER AND BUTLER.—The *Louisville* (Kentucky) *Journal*, a paper friendly to Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, in the course of an article which condemns the cowardly assault of Brooks on Sumner, and hopes for the expulsion of the former, incidentally relates the following anecdote:

"A pitched battle has long been raging between the champions of these two States, and generally the harshest and most offensive language has come from the South Carolinians, who don't like to be outdone in anything. What Sumner may have said about Senator Butler, we know not, but we think that the old Senator, who is quite as fiery-hearted as he is whiteheaded, would scorn the thought of letting any younger man, take a quarrel with an abolitionist off his hands. We happened to be in the Senate Chamber near the close of the last session of Congress during one of the night discussions of all manner of Slavery questions. Judge Butler, who is really a gentleman of many fine and generous personal qualities, had become exceedingly elated from frequent visits to the Senatorial Restaurant. Sumner was making a severe speech, that evidently had reference to the forcible expulsion of Mr. Hoar, a venerable citizen of Massachusetts, from the limits of South Carolina, but he did not mention South Carolina's name. Mr. Butler interrupted him by asking, in a fierce tone, 'Does he mean South Carolina?' Sumner proceeded, without noticing the interruption. 'I demand,' exclaimed Butler, starting again to his feet, 'whether he means South Carolina; for, if he does, let him say so, and I will give him something to make him remember me and South Carolina as long as he lives.' Sumner still proceeded quite imperturbably, bestowing no attention upon his excited opponent just in front of him. 'Does he mean South Carolina?' ejaculated Butler for the third time. 'Yes, I *do* mean South Carolina,' thundered Sumner, with more spirit than we had thought an abolitionist could possess. He finished his speech without any further interruption, and Butler rose to reply, but the fine old South Carolina gentleman was too far gone to be half equal to the tremendous occasion."

ONE HOUR MEN.—The Know Nothing Council, No. 432, of Worcester, Mass., have resolved that, "In consequence of personal outrage and violence being threatened to Mr. Sumner's colleague and others, representing the old Bay State in Congress, we agree to hold ourselves prepared to depart, at an hour's notice, for the Capital of our country, if the demand is necessary, to defend the delegation from this State in Congress, against personal attack from Southern assassins."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 175—Adults 77, and children 98.

KANSAS.

THE SACKING OF LAWRENCE.

The Missouri Democrat contains the following very interesting narrative of the sacking of Lawrence:—

A little before sunrise on Wednesday morning, May 21, a body of armed men with United States muskets and cannon, appeared upon the hill about three fourths of a mile south-east from the town of Lawrence. Additional forces continued to arrive for several hours from the direction of Lecompton, and also from Franklin. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, part of the troops moved down to the north, by Governor Robinson's house, to a hill immediately overlooking the town. About 11 o'clock, U. S. Deputy Marshal W. P. Fain (three weeks from Georgia) with a posse of eight men, came into Lawrence. They were respectfully received at the Eldridge House. The Marshal first summoned several prominent citizens to aid his posse, and then proceeded to arrest Judge Smith and Col. Deitzler on a charge of high treason.

Judge Smith was sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, and when informed that the Marshal wished to see him, he cheerfully went into his room and submitted himself to the arrest. During these proceedings there was no stir or excitement in the town, and not more than twenty or thirty men were about the streets. The Marshal and his posse took dinner at the hotel, after which Col. Eldridge went with his hack, and conveyed the prisoners and a part of the posse to the camp.

The Marshal now dismissed his entire posse, and Sheriff Jones immediately summoned them all. And then commenced the scenes disgraceful to humanity, destructive to Kansas, and the end of which God only knows.

About 1 o'clock, P. M., Jones rode into town with a posse of twenty-five mounted men, armed with muskets and bayonets. They proceeded to the hotel, and Jones called for General Pomeroy. He came to the door. Jones stated he had several times been resisted in that place,—attempts had been made to assassinate him—and he now declared that he was "determined to execute the law if he lost his life." "And now," said he, "I demand of you, as the most prominent man in the place, the surrender of all the cannon and Sharp's rifles that you have, and I give you five minutes to decide whether you will give them up," taking out his watch, and noting the time.

The General went up to the committee room, and returned in a few minutes, and replied that the cannon would be given up; but that there were no Sharp's rifles in the place except such as were private property, and that those could not be surrendered. Jones seemed to be of opinion that they had rifles which were not private property, and requested him to stack all they had in the street, and said that such as could be proved to be private property would be returned. By this time the whole posse, variously estimated at from 500 to 800 men, were marching down the hill, and coming into town on the south side.

The cannon (four pieces) were produced and carried through the street. One was a brass six-pounder; the others little pop-guns, which a man could comfortably carry on his shoulders. No rifles were delivered up. Jones now told Col. Eldridge, who occupied the hotel and owned the furniture, that the hotel must be destroyed; that he was acting strictly under orders. The Grand Jury at Lecompton had declared the hotel and premises at Lawrence a nuisance, and ordered him to destroy them. He would give Col. Eldridge an opportunity to remove his furniture, and for that purpose he might have until 5 o'clock.

It was then 3½. Col. Eldridge replied that the furniture could not be removed in less time than half a day, and desired a longer time. Jones refused. "Then," said Eldridge, "give me time to remove my family; that is all I ask." A part of the furniture was afterward removed by the posse as plunder, but most of it was burned with the house. By this time the "law and order" mob was pouring into the streets, and the residents, men, women, and children sought shelter in the adjoining woods.

The first property destroyed was the press of the Kansas Free State, which was thrown into the river, and everything pertaining to the office, with the exchanges, paper, and a large quantity of miscellaneous books, was thrown into the street, mutilated, and destroyed. The flag of the lone star ("South Carolina and Southern Rights") was hoisted first upon the house of G. W. Brown, of the Herald of Freedom, and afterward upon the hotel. Brown's press and everything else in the office shared the same fate as the other, and a wagon load of books and papers was trampled in the street.

Jones promised in the commencement that no private property should be destroyed. But houses were broken open and rifled of whatever suited the fancy of the mob. Locks, bolts or bars were no security. Windows and doors were broken open and destroyed, and money and valuables to a large amount missing. It was currently reported, and uncontradicted, that $8,000, chiefly in money, were lost from one house.

About 6 o'clock, three cannon were placed in the street, twelve or fifteen rods east of the hotel, and some thirty shots were fired, shattering the wall considerably, but proving altogether too slow a method of destruction for these "law and order" men. They then set fire to the building in different places, and put several kegs of powder under it. The flames and smoke soon burst out at the windows, and the whole building was in a blaze. The walls trembled and fell, and the shouts and yells of the mob proclaimed the triumph of "law and order" in Lawrence.

While the hotel was burning, the house of G. W. Brown was twice set on fire. The floor was burned through. The fire was finally extinguished by some young men of Lawrence. The mob threatened to shoot them, but they were not deterred. If his house had burned, several others must certainly have been

Life in Paris.

A Lull After a Storm—An Astronomical Puzzle—A Ruling Passion—A Parisian Household—An Unlooked-for Metamorphosis.

Paris, May 12, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

To the interest excited by the publication of the Treaty of Peace has succeeded an utter dearth of political excitement; and in the absence of topics of European interest, the unwelcome return of cold weather, with its probable effect on wheat fields and vineyards, are the leading subjects of the moment.

The sudden lowering of the temperature which has now, for a long series of years, been observed at this season, and to which the French give the name of the *lune rousse*, (red moon, or month,) from a peculiar appearance round the moon under whose auspices the chill is supposed to take place, is occupying the attention of the astronomers, who would fain find a reason for the change of temperature hitherto unexplained, which is often so fatal to the hopes of the agriculturist. Within the last month we have had a succession of night-frosts that have covered the basins of the public gardens with ice of the thickness of a dollar; in other parts of the country ice of several times that thickness has been observed. So mischievous is this return of cold after the enticing warmth of the early Spring which, as usual, brought out a fine show of fruit blossoms only to be blighted by subsequent frosts, that certain proprietors of vineyards and fruit-gardens are adopting the plan of covering their trees with matting, and warmly recommending the same to the adoption of their neighbors.

Flowers suffer but little from these puzzling changes of temperature which are making the once famous "Merry month of May" a disappointment and a by-word, and are fast inducting the "leafy month of June," which still maintains its old reputation, into the place of honor formerly held by its fickle predecessor in the procession of the seasons. I have already spoken, in a former letter, of the passion of the Parisians for flowers; and the annual outlay of some two millions of dollars which represents but a portion of the sums disbursed by the inhabitants of the Modern Athens in the purchase of these fleeting treasures. For the love of flowers is not confined to the titled dame, the rich banker's lady, and the wives of wealthy tradesmen; the portress, in whose dingy room by the *porte cochere*, no flowers could be made to thrive, ranges a row of gay asters on a little shelf above the stable-door on the opposite side of the court, the plodding sempstress will go without her dinner one day in the week but what she will have her rose-bush and jessamine to ornament her window, and the vender of newspapers or lemonade, if he have but two sous in his pocket, will give one of them in exchange for a bunch of violets or of wall-flower to stick in his button-hole. I remember, one scanting summer-day, passing along one of the dingiest and most stifling of the narrow streets of a very old quarter of this city, and seeing, just inside the door of a wretched little charcoal-shop, a magnificent rose-bush laden with snowy blossoms, that nearly filled the door-way, and fairly seemed to shed a glory over the dingy interior and the black faces of the poor old couple who kept the shop. The price of that rose-bush, cheap as flowers are in Paris, must have absorbed the profits of more than one day's trade; and there was really something very touching in the love of the beautiful expressed by the presence of such an object in such a place. If that poor old couple were but in my neighborhood, I should always buy my charcoal of them; I have an intimate conviction that they would not cheat me; which is a good deal more than I could say of many of their calling.

These reflections have been suggested, in part, by the process which has been going on for a week past under my windows, and in which I confess to a very lively interest.

The house I live in counts no less than nine stories; indeed, I am not quite sure whether there are not *ten*, counting a lonely turret-like chamber perched above the main portion of the roof, and rented to some poverty-stricken poet who seasons the bread-and-water of the present with the etherial spice of hopes and aspirations.

On the ground-floor resides the family of an officer now in the Crimea; in his absence his wife and daughters live very retiredly, to the great disappointment of the concierge who, being a very good-looking and handy fellow, and thoroughly *au fait* of all the duties of a man-servant, (in which capacity he formerly lived for many years, as he will tell you with an air of modest sufficiency, in the employment of the rich Count de T. on the Boulevard des Italiens) was engaged by the Colonel, who could not quite afford the luxury of a footman, to act in that capacity during dinner, and to assist the two maid-servants in the morning; the polishing of the floors, and the cleaning of lustres, looking-glasses and silver, being the main items of household work committed to his charge.

"The war has been a great loss to *me*," remarked Monsieur Pierre on the proclamation of the peace; "for since Monsieur le Colonel has been ordered to the Crimea, Madame has had no occasion for my services, and I have thus lost forty-five francs a month in wages, (making a total loss of just seven hundred and seventy francs for the eighteen months of the absence of Monsieur le Colonel) to say nothing of an excellent dinner every day, which formed part of my perquisites. And the place was *sweasy*! What had I to do? I brushed the Colonel's clothes and cleaned his boots, and then brushed the floors, and attended to a few other little things; in an hour my work was done. In the evening I set the dinner-table, went back into the lodge, put on a black coat and white gloves, and waited at table during the dinner. A *bagatelle!* But now that peace is restored, M. le Colonel will soon be home again; and then I shall get back my forty-five francs a month, and my excellent dinner. Ah, war is a bad thing; a very bad thing; and I hope I may never see another!"

On the second floor lives a German baron; whose children are so dreadfully noisy that the proprietor of the house, an artist, who loves quiet even more than he loves money, (which is saying a good deal!) has given him notice to quit, to the great wrath of that nobleman, and the great delight of the other tenants.

The third floor is rented to a rich American family, who spend most of their time in travelling, but who have collected, it is said, such a mass of statues, pictures, books, and curiosities, together with a vast deal of rich furniture which they mean to take across the ocean on their return, that the vast suite of rooms in question is none too large for the due bestowment of their treasures.

As you ascend the interminable staircase, shining and slippery as wax and brushing can make it, you reach the abode of the landlord, who has very black eyes and long black hair streaming over his shoulders, surmounted by a queer little cloth cap, imitated from Raphael's famous picture of himself, and wears an insane-looking garment of black serge, a sort of cross between a blouse and a dressing-gown, dabbed all over with patches of paint until it reminds one of Joseph's "coat of many colors." He passes his whole time in painting pictures which nobody can be induced to buy, and which not only bring him in no return, but moreover, by accumulating on his hands, necessitate the sacrifice of one of the best apartments in the house, where they are hung against the walls, piled upon shelves, stuck behind doors, and fully occupy every room; thereby greatly exasperating his wife who grudges the loss of rent thus entailed by these unlucky pictures, a loss especially inconvenient in this case, as the artist is the father of a long line of children of all ages and sizes, all with the great black eyes and the great masses of black hair, which bid fair to be the principal heritage they will derive from their sire.

Still higher dwells your humble servant; above me again, in the apartment of a flower-maker, who employs several young girls in her pretty manufacture; above her is that of an old lady in receipt of a small pension allowed her by Government for some service or other, rendered to the State a generation or two ago, by her long-deceased husband; and above her are a layer or two of small separate rooms, occupied by the servants of the richer tenants—a journeyman bookbinder, who sits up all night writing a history of his life, which, as he tells the concierge confidentially, he expects will "make a sensation!"—a poor little sempstress, who works for the shopshops, which, as Pierre sententiously remarks, "is an innocent way of committing suicide!"—a shopman who serves at the great pastry cook's opposite, and a lean and weazened old man, who was taken in out of charity by the landlord, on plea of his being a poor, quiet old soul, who was in want of work, and would pay up the rent of a minute room in the garret (some five feet by six, and four feet in height,) as soon as he should be in receipt of wages, but who had no sooner obtained possession of the little hole aforesaid, than he developed into the character of a husband and a father, and installed into it a wife as old and lean as himself, a lame son, a widowed daughter, and a grandson of four-and-a-half; five human beings crammed into a tiny place in which you would say it was impossible to "swing a cat;" and whose living at all, in a state of destitution so deplorable, is one of those mysteries understood only by Heaven and the very poor themselves.

But not content with having thus stolen a march on the rare pity of the landlord, (who had been obliging enough to cause the little hole to be fresh-papered for him,) and exciting the wrath of Monsieur Pierre, the concierge, who declares it to be "utterly impossible to keep his staircase shiny with such a lot of beggarly feet tramping up and down it," the cunning old fellow was no sooner ensconced in his place of refuge with his family, than he threw aside the mask, and unpacking his shoemaker's tools, sets to work, with a ceaseless rap, tap, tap, on his board with his wooden mallet, that rings through the house from morning to night, and sets everybody's nerves on edge from garret to cellar. But he, too, poor old soul! has his *congé*, like the German Baron downstairs; and though he declares, with tears in his eyes, that he "cannot find a hole to move into," go he must, for the tenants are all in arms against the tapping of his mallet, and Monsieur Pierre, despite his usual benevolence, is too keenly alive to the interests of his staircase not to back the appeals addressed by the rest of the *locataires* to the landlord.

But all this time I have neglected to state the nature of the interesting process which has been going on for a week past under my window.

And first, a word on the scene of the operation in question; to wit, a small garden, appertaining exclusively in theory, to the tenants of the ground-floor, but of which the eyes of the superposed strata of tenants, all the way up to the top of the house, have the full enjoyment in fact.

This garden, enclosed on the north by the house in which I am writing, on the south by the back wall of a great pile of buildings very nearly as high, on the west by a house rather higher than ours, and on the east by a lot of irregular structures, all of them numbering three or four stories, and consequently quite high enough to prevent any ray of sunshine from falling upon this hapless bit of land, seems, as you look down into it from above, to lie at the bottom of a well, or to be a miniature edition of some forlorn court in the middle of a fortress, the scene of the gloomy peripatetics of the unfortunate prisoners. A green trellis, some six feet high, and very mouldy, up which climb a row of weak-looking plants surrounds this donjon-like court; and four stone steps, damp and green, lead down into it from one of the parlor windows. A more desolate, forsaken-looking place than this damp enclosure has been all through the winter, it would be difficult to imagine. When looking out at a sunset, a pile of white clouds drifting slowly through the blue heaven above the tops of the Parisian chimney-pots, or following the rapid dartings backwards and forwards, of a bat that had tumbled into the upper region of the shaft formed by the three high walls aforesaid, and couldn't find its stupid way out again, or throwing down crumbs to be caught by the sparrows and martens whose funny little heads pop in and out of all the roofs and walls of Paris, I have often thought of Silvio Pellico and his unhappy fellow-countrymen in the terrible Austrian prisons, and wondered whether even *Prezioza* could have grown and flowered in the depths of such a sunless hollow; my opinion inclining rather to a negative solution of this interesting problem.

What, then, was my astonishment, some ten days ago, at perceiving that the surface of the garden, suddenly presented the distinct outline of a variety of flower-beds, all of which had been carefully dug and raked, the freshly-turned mould showing a deeper black upon the black soil of the path between them.

I could hardly believe my eyes.

There was a round bed in the centre, four other beds, not square nor diagonal, but with rounded *pincushion* outlines, (I can't find any other figure which may so aptly express their curves) at the corners and round the whole, a broad bed at the foot of the three walls, and along the little green latticed paling which separates "the garden" from the commoner region where the concierge shakes carpets and brushes boots, and where stands a pump from which all the *bonnes* in the house supply themselves with water for scrubbing and cleaning.

It was evident that the inhabitants of the ground-floor were "doing up" their "garden."

Being, as the French say, "unable to come back from my surprise," I went back several times to the window, to watch the progress of the work. I soon perceived that it was the Colonel's only son, a young lad of some ten or eleven years of age, who was at the bottom of this surprising horticultural movement. The little fellow works away in this unauspicious speck of ground, as though it were the sunniest slope on the banks of the Loire. He has dug and raked, and raked over again, with a zeal worthy of a better cause; and no sooner were the beds smoothed to his mind, than he began—not to sow, but—to plant. On the second day after the commencement of the metamorphosis in question, when I put my head out of the window, the round bed in the centre was brilliant with flowers. Two splendid tufts of white gilly-flowers stood opposite one another, forming the centres of two lines of smaller flowers; a couple of red stocks in full blossom, occupied the centres of two other lines, completing the square. A similar arrangement had been made in the four pincushions at the corners; and a fine border of colored daisies surrounded each of the beds.

Next day a magnificent little lilac-bush, laden with flowers, stood in the middle of the central bed; and a fine bush of pink heather was proudly flowering in the centre of each pincushion. Every day a lot of new plants, the pots sunk in the earth, make their appearance in the beds; which now present a most brilliant appearance. The strips along the walls are filling also, but with larger bushes, which will come into flower a little later. To-day the unwearying little gardener, who seems to devote every minute of his play-time to the work, has been busy with the willow-border which he began yesterday (a holiday) and which then made rapid advances. This border consists of twigs bent into the earth at both ends, and forming a cross-work lattice, just outside the gay border of red and white double daisies. It seemed impossible that the flowers should live in such an absence of sun; but they show no symptom of fading, and look as magnificent as ever. When their glory is past, the pots will be taken up and replaced by others. One single corner, on which, at about half-past nine, falls the only sunbeam that ever reaches this bit of ground, is occupied by a rose-bush, which has tenanted it for the last three years, blossoming luxuriantly, to the great delight of Monsieur Pierre, who, having brought it home from the flower-market, and planted it, takes a very affectionate interest in its welfare, and is as proud of its blossoms as though they grew out of his own head and shoulders.

To-day several barrows-full of mud have been laid down in the paths; and the glory of the garden seems to be approaching its climax. Master Rene, who consults with Pierre on all points touching this favored spot, tells him that he "shall feel amply rewarded for all his trouble, if only papa should come back before the lilac-bush has done blossoming!"

QUANTUM.

Letter from England.

Shadows of English Life—Educational Difficulties—Brutality—Women in Newgate Prison—Wife-Beating—Meeting of Working Women at Worcester—The Clergy and the Music in the Parks.

London, May 16, 1856.

To an American, visiting England, one fact becomes quickly perceptible, which repeated observation unhappily tends only to confirm. It is, that in this country there is a distinctively lower class, such as it is rarely dreamed of at home in the free States. A class, never yet redeemed from poverty and ignorance so intense, that their very nature, physically and mentally, seems to have been moulded by it. In speech, they are often thick and unintelligible, in physical development, either pinched, dwarfed, or much more frequently, of a brutal and animal sort of strength, while mentally they are wonderfully sluggish and inactive. The presence of such a class, acts upon those directly above, giving a brutality and roughness to the general appearance and manners of the people, so that it is by no means agreeable to ride in omnibuses, to go to crowded meetings or in any way come in contact with the mass, in the democratic style so natural in America, and until this class is, to some extent, educated and refined, the extreme exclusiveness and reserve in those above them will certainly and inevitably continue. And it is no easy matter to raise such a class, because they are too ignorant to wish to avail themselves of the opportunities of education offered to the children, so that a large party, with Lord John Russell at their head, strongly advocate making education compulsory, saying that it is utterly useless to provide more schools, while those already established meet with so inadequate an attendance.

But a despotic manner of effecting even an end so desirable as the general education of the people, is so contrary to the independent Anglo-Saxon spirit, that the plan proposed this winter by Lord John Russell for providing schools, and obliging parents to send their children, met with an entire defeat, and we wait for gentler and more gradual means. Meanwhile, it is terrible to take up the papers, and read daily the accounts, of two classes in particular of unnatural crime, arising from this great depth of brutality. Wife-beating, on the part of the men, and child-murder on the part of the women, prevail to an extent hardly credible in a country pretending to civilization and Christianity. Two women have been lying under sentence of death this winter, in the massive and gloomy Newgate prison, convicted of the fearful and unnatural crime of child-murder. As it is many years since a woman has been executed at Newgate, and as in each of these cases, and particularly in one of them, there were extenuating circumstances, great compassion has been felt on their behalf.

The first was the case of Celestina Sommer, a young married woman of 25, tolerably well dressed and living apparently in moderately comfortable circumstances, who was convicted of having murdered her illegitimate child, a girl of ten years of age. This child had been brought up away from her mother, who had been in the habit of paying a small sum for her support. Finding it at length impossible to continue to pay for her board, her husband refusing to supply her with money, and fearing that the child would make mischief and cause a separation, she sent for her and deliberately murdered her in her own cellar! The circumstances were horrible, but the early neglected education and youth of the mother, who was but fifteen at the child's birth, and the difficulty of her position have excited some compassion for her.

In the other case, a very pitiful one, there seem to have been far more extenuating circumstances. Elizabeth Ann Harris, also a young woman, but clothed in rags, and in a state of the most extreme destitution, holding in her arms her youngest child, yet an infant, was tried and convicted of having drowned in Hyde Park her two elder children, miserable little cripples, of two and four years old. This woman seemed to have lived from childhood upwards in a state of the deepest neglect and destitution. For some time past she had been, with her children, in an almshouse, but had been strongly urged by the authorities to leave, and take the support of the children upon herself. Finding it impossible to maintain them, reflecting that the father of the two eldest was dead, and that, being hopelessly crippled, they had nothing but helpless misery before them, she drowned them. The infant, whose father was still living, and paying a small sum for its support, she saved. The authorities of the almshouse bear witness to her having been an extremely affectionate mother while under their care, and anxious to do all she could for their support. It would seem as if every circumstance that could extenuate such a crime was present in her case. The two women, being tried and sentenced at the same time and for the same crime, seem to have been classed together in the public mind, and a strong feeling was excited against their sentence being carried out, which feeling another circumstance has tended greatly to increase.

The public executions in England, according to the barbarous old usage, are still carried out in public, and assemble always an immense crowd of spectators. In London the executions take place in the open street in front of the Newgate prison, and a few weeks ago, Bloomfield, a man of heavy and brutal nature, and torpid intellect, was executed for murder. His death was more than usually painful and revolting, owing to an unexpected display of great muscular strength on his part, and to the terror of the executioner, who having received threatening letters, assuring him that he should be shot if he ventured to carry out the sentence, ran away before his duty was fully performed.

The death of this man produced a feeling of intense horror, and the consequent wave of feeling against the terrible penalty of death, and the sex, and attending circumstances, of the two succeeding criminals, have caused the Government, after a short delay, to commute their sentence to transportation for life.

Although this change, has afforded a feeling of almost universal relief, an occasional voice is heard to mutter again the justice of the decision, and to insinuate that women are unduly favored. Other women having been convicted of the same crime, while the former two still lay under sentence of death, it is to be feared that they will come in for the reactionary wave, and that few voices will be raised on their behalf.

As to the other crime, it is scarcely possible to take up a paper without seeing two or three new cases of men beating their wives almost to death, kicking them out of doors, or otherwise brutally maltreating them; and how to put down this particular class of crime, sorely puzzles the courts before whom new cases of the kind are daily brought.

The wives are usually extremely averse to testifying against their husbands, enduring ill usage until it become as it so frequently does, fatal in its result. A lingering feeling of affection sometimes is the reason of this reluctance, but more frequently it arises from the fact, that the usual punishment inflicted of several months imprisonment deprives them, with their children, of their principal means of support. For this reason, it has recently been proposed to substitute flogging for imprisonment, but a return to this degrading mode of punishment also would seem to be a backward movement, and the women themselves have strongly protested against it in a meeting held by them at Worcester a fortnight since. At the same meeting they testified to their earnest desire of having the right secured to them of disposing of their own earnings, that they might save them from the gin-shop and place themselves and their children in a more independent position, for here, as elsewhere, drunkenness is the most prolific of all sources of misery and crime. It seems a strange inconsistency that while almost all classes are opposed to a prohibitory liquor law, as an infringement upon individual liberty, it is still quite possible to pass an anti-Sunday music law.

For a few weeks past, Sir Benjamin Hall, the Public Commissioner, has tried the experiment of having bands of music in the public parks, from 4 to 8 in the afternoon, a time of the day when no religious services are held, in hopes of drawing the working people from the filthy streets and gin houses, where they usually spent the day, into the fresh green and pure air of the magnificent London Parks, now in the full glory of their spring beauty.

The experiment proved eminently successful so far as this object was concerned. Each Sunday multitudes flocked to the Parks, composed of all classes, but principally of the one, which of all others, would be benefitted by it. On Sunday, May 4, there were 147,352 people in Kensington Gardens and Regents Park, making one-tenth of the whole population north of the Thames. Last Sunday a band playing also in the Victoria Park, no less than 258,513 were present. Yet the most perfect order has prevailed throughout.

But the Sabbatarian party have again been making the strongest efforts to prevent any Sunday recreations whatever being provided for the people, and owing to their petitions and remonstrances, Lord Palmerston has ordered that the music shall be discontinued.

Although the clergy in general have led the austere party or kept silent in regard to it, there have been exceptions to the rule. An interesting letter upon the other side of the question has been published in the Times by an incumbent of a large parish, numbering some 25,000 souls, principally of the working classes. This clergyman, going himself last Sunday to Kensington Gardens, to judge of the effect upon the people, of the recreation provided for them, comes to a conclusion earnestly in favor of the movement. He states, that knowing well the habits of the class there assembled, he can safely say that 70 out of every 100 of the vast crowd there assembled would be found in places where they ought not to be were it not for the innocent and uncriminal recreation thus afforded them. Then testifying as all have done, to the admirable order everywhere prevailing, he beseeches the Times to use its influence "to prevent the harmless enjoyment of the working classes from being sacrificed to the puritanism of a few bigoted members of the House of Commons." "If they had lived as I do," he continued, "in the midst of Sunday drinking and Sunday rioting, they might perhaps be induced to examine whether the principles that they uphold, or those which admit of innocent recreation on the Lord's day are the correct principles of the Gospel. There is evidently a struggle at hand between the real and puritanical observance of the Sabbath. The lower orders of the people—whose chief concern it is—are too sensual, too ignorant, and too debased to take any part of importance in it. All they care about is the opening of public houses. That they have obtained sufficiently to answer their vicious and sensual purposes." "I am neither High Church, Low Church, nor Broad Church, but I am convinced of this, that we shall never get the working people to our churches until we first wean them from the public-houses. Our empty seats show that our sermons have failed to do this. Let us open and soften their minds by innocent recreations; we shall then prepare them better to receive our sermons."

Another clergyman publishes a letter in the Times of to-day to the same effect, testifying that far from the park drawing off his congregation from divine service, that never had his large church been so well filled as during the few weeks since the band had commenced playing, and asserting that all the Bishops and Archbishops in the United Kingdom would fail improving that the interests of religion and morality would be deadened by bringing fresh air, green trees, and good music into competition with the Alley, the gin shop, and the noisy brawling of the Seven Dials.

The letters and protestations are pouring forth thick and fast, and it is seriously feared that next Sunday will witness a renewal of the Hyde Park riots of last fall. A letter purporting to be written by "A Working Man" was published to-day, earnestly exhorting his fellows to keep the peace, and endeavor by more peaceable means to induce the Premier to reconsider his decision, and to restore the music.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—On the 26th inst., Mr. Pugh objected to the proposition of Mr. Seward, to admit Kansas into the Union under her Free State Constitution, because of the small number of her population, not exceeding 20,000, and because the Topeka Constitution received but 719 votes.

He pursued a course of argument similar to that of the supporters of Douglas' bill, and was very severe in his remarks on Emigrant Aid Societies. He gave, in detail, the reasons why he could not obey the instructions of the Ohio Legislature, and replied to the arguments of Messrs. Seward and Sumner.

On the 27th, Mr. Trumbull gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to prevent civil war in Kansas.

The bill to provide for the general introduction of a uniform National code of Marine Signals passed.

Mr. Slidell called the attention of the Senate to the telegraph despatch giving Mr. Sumner's statement before the House Committee published this morning.

Mr. Slidell said that the statement declares that "other persons there were about me offering me friendly assistance, but I did not recognize any of them. Others there were at a distance looking on and offering no assistance, of whom I recognized only Mr. Douglas, of Ill., Mr. Toombs, of Ga., and I thought also my accidant standing between them. I was helped from the floor and conducted into the lobby of the Senate, where I was placed upon a sofa. Of those who helped me here, I have no recollection. As I entered the lobby, I recognized Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, who retreated, but I recognized no one else, until I felt a friendly grasp of the hand, which seemed to come from Mr. Campbell, of Ohio." Mr. Slidell said it seemed to him proper to explain his own position relative to this matter, as the published statement might cause a false impression on the public mind. When the Senate adjourned that day, he entered the ante-room, where he was engaged in conversation with Messrs. Douglas, Fitzpatrick, and J. Glancey Jones, and while there seated, was informed that Mr. Sumner had been badly beaten by Mr. Brooks. He came into the chamber, but there were so many persons crowded around Mr. Sumner that he did not see him at all, and he soon returned to the ante-room, to finish his conversation. Having remained there for some time, he was passing through the reception room to go home, when he met Mr. Sumner in the door, leaning on two persons whom he did not know. His face was covered with blood, and as he (Mr. Slidell) was not on such terms of intercourse with him as to make it necessary to express any sympathy, not having spoken to Mr. Sumner for two years, he turned aside and went out by another door. He had not the slightest idea, before the occurrence took place, that Mr. Brooks, or anybody else, had any intention of attacking Mr. Sumner, and was entirely free from any participation or concert in the matter.

Mr. Douglas corroborated the statement of Mr. Slidell. When he heard that Mr. Sumner had been attacked, his first idea was to come in and endeavor to restore quiet; but upon reflecting that his motives for interfering might be misconstrued, he did not enter the Senate Chamber until the affray was over. The crowd around Mr. Sumner was then so large, that for some time he could not see him. He saw Messrs. Toombs, Pearce, Crittenden, and Evans, all seated in or near their usual seats, but he was not near Mr. Brooks, as stated in the report. This was a total misapprehension on Mr. Sumner's part.

Mr. Douglas added, that he had no knowledge or suspicion that any assault was contemplated or would be made here or elsewhere. He did not approach Mr. Brooks nor speak to him, and was not within fifty feet of the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Toombs.) How such an idea could have got into Mr. Sumner's head, it was impossible for him to conceive. The published statement might carry the impression to the country that he was aiding and abetting, and was in fact a participant in the assault, but that was entirely an erroneous idea, as he did not even know that Mr. Sumner was in the Capitol at the time the assault was committed.

Mr. Toombs remarked that he was in his seat at the time, and how Mr. Sumner could have supposed he saw him near Mr. Brooks, he could not tell. It might be that in the confusion, Mr. Sumner mistook Gen. Cass for him. In expressing opinions about the affair at the time, some gentlemen condemned it, but he told Mr. Brooks he approved of it.

Mr. Butler said he had just arrived in the city, but he should have assumed all the responsibility which had been taken by his gallant relative. He denied, in the most emphatic manner, the statement of Mr. Sumner, that what he had said in his speech was strictly in response to what Mr. Butler had said on former occasions. He understood the State of Massachusetts had passed resolutions in reference to the affray, and when these resolutions should be presented to the Senate, he would speak on the subject as it deserved. Not a single one of the remarks which had been quoted in application to him was a response to anything he had said upon the Kansas question. His friends in South Carolina, and some of his friends here, thought he had been remarkably moderate in the character of his remarks. He had scrupulously avoided saying anything to violate the courtesies of Senatorial debate, and spoke neither of the Senator from Massachusetts, to him, or about him.

Mr. Wade said it was impossible for him to sit still and hear such principles avowed as had been on this occasion. As to the facts in reference to the assault he knew nothing about them, and had nothing to say on that point. He was here, in a pretty large minority, not more than about one-fifth of the Senate entertaining opinions similar to his; but when he heard it stated on the floor that an assault-like, cowardly attack had been made upon a man, unarmed and having no power to defend himself, and that he had been stricken down and almost murdered, and then heard a Senator avow, that he approved of such conduct, it became a matter of some interest and importance to all members of the body, and to the minority especially. A brave man could not defend himself against such an attack as this, and he might be overpowered by numbers, but overpowered or not, live or die, (said he,) I will vindicate the right of liberty, of debate, and the freedom of discussion so long as I live. If the principle announced here is to prevail, let us come armed for the combat. Although you are four to one, I am here to meet you. A man can die in no better cause than in vindicating the rights of debate on this floor. If these principles are to be approved by the majority, and become a part and parcel of the law of Congress, let it be understood.

Mr. Wilson thought the explanation of Mr. Slidell was not inconsistent with anything stated by his colleague. He had no idea that Mr. Sumner intended to place Mr. Slidell in a false position. The Senator from Illinois has (he said) also made his explanation, and I see nothing in that inconsistent with the statement of Mr. Sumner. He was stricken down upon this floor by a brutal, murderous, and cowardly assault. He would not yield to the Senator from South Carolina or any other Senator, in debate upon these matters, and any assumption of superiority by the Senator from South Carolina over him, or any other Senator representing his views might pass for what it was worth.

Mr. Butler said that in discussing the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, if he should transgress the bounds of propriety, it would be because he was provoked to it. He had never been the aggressor, and he called upon the Senate to bear witness to the fact.

Mr. Wilson resumed.—His colleague had stated the facts to the best of his recollection, and it was not to be expected that after such severe blows, which had rendered him unconscious, he could be perfectly accurate in every minute particular. He did not believe Mr. Sumner intended to do injustice to anybody. When he shall have recovered, and be able to take his place in the Senate, he would be ready to meet the Senator from South Carolina.

Mr. Butler, in his seat, exclaimed—You are a liar.

Mr. Stuart called the Senator to order, and also urged, as there was no question before the Senate, and it was evident that the debate was becoming acrimonious, that it be postponed till the matter could be considered with more calmness.

Mr. Butler apologized to the Senate for words which had fallen from him in a moment of excitement.

Mr. Foster alluded to the avowal of Mr. Toombs that he approved of Mr. Brooks's conduct, and thought it incumbent on him, as he was a new member of the Senate, and had not participated in its debates to any considerable extent, to say a word as to the reasons for his course. If he should remain silent now, it might be misinterpreted, and some might suppose his silence was through fear of like consequences to himself. He wished to disabuse the minds of all members of the Senate, if any such misapprehension existed. He had thus far participated but slightly in the debates, because, being a new member, he thought it would be more becoming for him to listen than to speak.

But when an intimation of this kind was made, it might be supposed, if Senators did not speak, a passion so base and unworthy as fear was the reason of their silence. He now wished to assert his entire approval of the freedom of speech, here or elsewhere, to be maintained at whatever price, whatever cost, and whatever might be the consequences. If a contrary doctrine should ever prevail in this country, there would be an end to liberty, for he believed as religiously as he ever believed anything, that liberty of the press, liberty of speech, and the liberty of the people would live and die together.

Mr. Trumbull wished to speak on this topic about five minutes, but the hour had arrived for considering the special order.

Mr. Hale moved to postpone the special order, to allow Mr. Trumbull to speak.

The motion was negatived, yeas 11, nays 30, as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Collamer, Dodt, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, Seward, Toombs, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson—11.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Allen, Bell, of Tenn., Benjamin, Biggs, Bright, Brown, Butler, Cass, Crittenden, Dodge, Douglas, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, Mason, Pearce, Pratt, Reid, Slidell, Stuart, Thomson, of New Jersey, Toucey, Weller, Wright, and Yulee—29.

Mr. Cass made a further explanation with reference to Mr. Crampton's correspondence, which he said greatly misrepresented him.

On the 28th, Mr. Pearce, from the Select Committee appointed to investigate the acts attending the recent assault upon Mr. Sumner, made report in writing. It states that precedents are to be found only in the acts of the House of Representatives, the Senate never having been called on to pronounce judgment in a similar case. Several precedents are cited, and the Committee came to the conclusion that although the assault was a violation of the privileges of the Senate, it is not within their jurisdiction, and the offence can only be punished by the House, of which Mr. Brooks is a member.

This conclusion is in strict conformity with parliamentary law, and the requirements of the Constitution, and they therefore recommend that the Senate make complaint to the House, submit a resolution that the report be accepted, and a copy thereof, with the affidavits accompanying the same, be transmitted to the House of Representatives.

The resolution was adopted, Mr. Toombs alone voting "No."

The President's Veto Message of the bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi River was then again taken up.

Mr. Mason spoke at length in defence of the Message.

On the 29th, the bills from the House granting the public lands to Wisconsin, Alabama, Louisiana and Michigan, to aid in the construction of certain railroads therein, were severally taken up and passed.

The Chair laid before the Senate a Message from the President of the United States, informing the two Houses of Congress that he has ceased to hold intercourse with Mr. Crampton, the Minister from Great Britain, and in making communication of this fact, he has deemed it proper to lay before them the considerations of public duty which have led to the adoption of a measure of so much importance. He accordingly transmits a voluminous correspondence on the subject.

The Message was read.

The most important of the accompanying papers was Mr. Marcy's despatch to Mr. Dallas. The document entirely exonerates the British Government from all intention to violate the law or disregard the policy of the United States, but holds that Mr. Crampton and the Consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, exceeded their powers, and are personally guilty of an unwarranted infringement of the laws and sovereign rights of this country. The evidence for this charge is strongly and circumstantially stated, and the conclusion attained that the officers above mentioned are unfitted for the stations they have occupied, inasmuch as the system of recruiting which they devised and carried out was a palpable infraction of our laws, calculated to disturb our internal tranquillity, and endanger our peaceful relations to a nation with which this Government is most anxious to maintain cordial friendship and intimate commercial and social relations. The document concludes by stating that, for these reasons, Mr. Crampton and the three Consuls above-mentioned are dismissed.

The Message being read, Mr. Mason spoke in complimentary terms of the ability with which the question had been discussed by Mr. Marcy.

Mr. Cass thought no pretext for war could arise out of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, unless England was determined to go to war.

Mr. Toombs thought, if this Government was satisfied with the explanation of Lord Clarendon, Mr. Crampton should not have been dismissed.

Mr. Cass replied that this Government had not expressed its satisfaction with Mr. Crampton's conduct, but with the assurance of the British Government that they intended no violation of our laws. It now turns out that Mr. Crampton has acted in violation of the intentions and directions of his own Government.

Mr. Toombs did not believe that England or her officers had violated our laws at all. While the matter was pending, he did not choose to argue the subject against our Government, but he would now say he disapproved of the construction which this Government had placed upon our neutrality laws.

Mr. Butler said it would have been better to have dismissed Mr. Crampton as soon as his complicity in the matter was discovered.

The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

On the 2nd, a resolution was offered, that when the Senate adjourns on Thursday next, it adjourn to meet on Monday.

The presiding officer laid before the Senate a letter from Hon. Preston S. Brooks, addressed to Mr. Bright, in which he disclaims any intention of offending against the privileges of the Senate by his assault upon Mr. Sumner, but says he felt bound to chastise him for insults to his State and to his relative, and having sought him in vain elsewhere, deemed it proper to insist the punishment here. The Senate not being in session, he did not think he was committing any breach of privilege. The letter was read, laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

The Senate then adjourned until Thursday.

In the House of Representatives, on the 26th, Mr. Bell, having introduced a resolution calling for specific information connected with the branches of work on the Capital and Post Office extensions, proceeded to show that the Secretary of the Treasury had unnecessarily expended large sums of money in letting the contracts to the highest, instead of the lowest bidders, with a loss of more than $100,000 on one of them; $16,000 or $17,000 had been spent in machinery for raising stone on the Treasury building, or as much as the building and setting would have cost together had the work been performed by contract. He made no charge of corruption against Capt. Meigs, the superintendent, but he was unnecessarily spending money on the Capital and Post Office extensions, by making the work too heavy and fine.

The resolution passed.

Mr. Kelley obtained permission to print a speech which he had now no opportunity to deliver, maintaining that the Softs are the true Democratic party in New York, and are superior in numbers and nationality to the Hards, who, in his opinion, were mostly Know Nothings.

On the 27th, Mr. Wilbridge, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill granting alternate sections of land to the State of Michigan to aid in the construction of railroads. The bill grants about 7,000,000 acres.

After some debate, and an attempt to table the bill, it passed by a vote of 78 to 58.

On the 28th, Mr. Bennett, of New York, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill granting a million acres of land for the construction of three railroads in Louisiana, which was passed—yeas 62, nays 58.

Mr. Florence moved that when the House adjourns, it adjourn till Saturday. He believed that many gentlemen desired to leave this evening for Cincinnati.

Mr. Grow proposed that the House consent that the Committee on Territories shall make reports, not, however, to be considered until after the two approaching conventions.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., desired to know whether Mr. Grow wished to report a bill to admit Kansas with the Topeka Constitution?

Mr. Grow replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Jones then objected.

Mr. Florence's motion to adjourn till Saturday was negatived.

On the 29th, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, from the Select Committee, said he had been unanimously instructed to ask the House to adopt a resolution that the Select Committee, appointed under the resolution of the 22nd instant, to investigate the matter of the alleged assault on Mr. Sumner by Mr. Brooks, may present their report or reports, with the Journal of their proceedings at any time when the House is in session, which shall thereupon be laid on the Speaker's table and printed.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Grow, representing the majority of the Committee on Territories, made a report proposing to admit Kansas into the Union with the Topeka Constitution. The consideration of the subject was postponed till the 24th of June.

A message was received from the President announcing the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, and communicating a voluminous correspondence on the subject.

The message and the reply of Mr. Marcy to Lord Clarendon were read, and with the documents referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Several private bills were considered and passed. The House then adjourned until Monday.

On the 2nd, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, from the Select Committee appointed to investigate the circumstances attending the attack upon Mr. Sumner, made report, concluding as follows:

Whereas, The Senate of the United States have transmitted to this House, a message complaining that Preston S. Brooks, a Representative from the State of South Carolina, committed upon the person of Charles Sumner, a Senator from the State of Massachusetts, while seated at his desk, in the Senate Chamber, after the adjournment of that body on the 22nd of May last, a violent assault, which disabled him from attending to his duties in the Senate, and declaring that said assault was a breach of the privileges of that body: and whereas, from the respect of the privileges of the House, the Senate have declared that inasmuch as the said Preston S. Brooks is a member of this House, they cannot arrest and *a priori*, cannot try to punish him for a breach of their privileges; that they cannot proceed further in the case than to make their complaint to this House, and that the power to arrest, try and punish devolves solely on this body; and whereas, upon a full investigation, it appears to this House that the said Preston S. Brooks has been guilty of the assault complained of by the Senate, with most aggravated circumstances of violence, and that the same was a breach of the privileges not only of the Senate, but of the

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

We Reach Kamtschatka.

On the fifteenth day of July, 1855, the United States Surveying and Exploring Steamer John Hancock, let go her anchor on the northern edge of the Straits of La Perouse, and commenced—as was her wont—to roll with the most playful activity, while waiting for the dense fog by which we were enveloped to clear away.

We had bid adieu to the shores of Japan on the day previous, and had now crossed the above straits to the Island of Sagaleon, previous to striking out for the West Coast of Kamtschatka. We were anxious before leaving, to locate astronomically a rock known as "La Dangereuse," as an appropriate winding up to the vast amount of surveying which we had accomplished along those unknown shores, but after waiting some hours for the fog to clear away, finally concluded that the time was too valuable, and called "all hands up anchor!" Another half hour saw us under all sail, and no steam, with the propeller disconnected and a fine breeze on our quarter, progressing at the promising rate of *four and a half miles the hour*, upon our foggy path of over six hundred miles.

Poor old John! Miserable old tub! Months have passed since I and my companions in misery left your fated hull to the tender mercies of the San Francisco Navy Yard officials, and thus deprived you of the power of drowning us some fine morning, but I see by the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, of April 30, 1856, that you have been provided with a new set of flesh and blood machines, and sent up to Puget Sound to engage in warlike deeds, instead of being broken up for fire wood. How have those officers and men rendered themselves obnoxious to the "powers that be," dear John, that they should be thus sent to sea in such a miserable old craft as you are? Are we so plentiful and useless just at present, that a few from our midst won't be missed; or is it that the government can't *afford* to break you up and build a *safe vessel?* But my feelings are running away with me, John, and so let us return to our passage across the Ochotsk Sea—which, having accomplished in eight days—sharp work for you, John—we rub our eyes one morning about three o'clock, and shading them with the right hand from the rays of the *rising sun*, gaze upon a *long, low sand beach which our chronometers* tell us is the west coast of Kamtschatka.

It was on the morning of the 24th of July, 1855, that we, cautiously feeling our way with the lead towards the expected shore, discovered the low sand beach already mentioned. Farther than that, there was nothing to be seen, the weather being so hazy as to shut out entirely the high land of the interior. Towards noon, however, it lighted up and enabled us to get good observations on the beach, after which we hoisted up the boat and steered a N. by W. course along the beach, keeping it in sight, at from one to two miles distance, and carrying beautifully regular soundings over a fine anchoring bottom of mud and sand. These soundings we made at regular intervals of ten minutes, and for hours and hours there would not be the fourth of a fathom difference between them. It was a vast marine plain that we were sailing over, and the land itself was low and level, and not elevated more than a few feet above the sea. I had expected to find a country of volcanoes, and a dangerous and variable bottom; possibly there were volcanoes in the interior, and an uneven bottom farther out to sea, but for the last few days of our eight-day passage, our lead had told us that we were sailing over a beautifully smooth and inclined plain. We were agreeably disappointed in all this, and the heavy "chop sea" through which we had rolled for the last week having now left us, and the day still continuing beautifully clear, we began to flatter ourselves that "coasting along Kamtschatka" was going to be a very fine thing. But before I follow this coasting any farther, let me say a few words about the depth of water, &c., between the Straits of La Perouse and the point where we rubbed our eyes, some one hundred miles to the northward of Cape La Patka, the southern extremity of the peninsular of Kamtschatka.

As I have already remarked, we were engaged eight days in the passage, being under sail only, as it was necessary to reserve our coal for the actual work of surveying. During these eight days, we sounded with deep sea line, whenever the other failed to get bottom, and thus kept up the line with great success; only once did we fail, and then twelve hundred fathoms were run out with no sign of bottom; the breeze blew quite fresh, and caused us to drift away from the lead too fast. Both before and after this failure, however, less line brought up specimens of the ocean's bed. These specimens generally consisted of mud and sand, dead shells and small stones, the former often containing a singular worm, encrusted in a brittle shell, resembling in form the figure 8, and which, upon being broken out of said shells twisted about on the deck in a most lively manner. They retained life in the atmosphere several minutes after being thus exposed; longer than one would have imagined, when it is recollected that they had previously existed several hundred fathoms under water.

Many persons have an idea that in the high latitudes of Kamtschatka and Siberia, even the *summers are cold;* our thermometers, during the passage, gave us an average temperature of 50 deg., while we subsequently often found it uncomfortably warm. And this was in latitude 60 deg. north.

On the 26th having run some two hundred miles to the northward, we came to the first high land yet seen, and here our soundings began to lose their beautiful regularity, and the coast taking a bend to the eastward caused us to haul up our course to N. by E. Before doing this, however, we came to anchor, lowered a boat, and placed her at the disposal of the master to enable him to land on the beach, and fix the position of this point by astronomical observation. A number of the men, curious to feel the soil of despotic Russia under their feet, or hoping to shoot an eatable animal of some sort* took passage with him, while we, the remainder, amused ourselves with fishing lines.

A fine number of fine flounders and *one immense crab* rewarded our exertions, while the shore party returned shortly after noon, full of glowing accounts of black bear and gigantic salmon, but without either the one or the other; they had *neither* killed or caught anything, and were in high glee at the prospect of fried flounders and lobster salad to be made from the enormous crab, whose legs had to be broken off to get him into our largest pot.

This fellow, I think, deserves more than a passing comment, for I have subsequently searched in vain for his counterpart through various authorities, and am forced to the conclusion that they are a "half crab, half lobster" freak of nature, larger even than the latter, and existing only on these, or similar, unfrequented shores.

I say "they," because the shore party reported the beach as being crowded with similar shells, the most having most probably been scratched out by the bears, who abound along that coast in great numbers. Some of the shells seen were from seven to nine inches in diameter, almost round, and quite thick and strong. It was in the claws that the animal resembled the lobster, everything else being nearer the crab. When the fellow that we had caught alongside was spread out on the deck upon his back, his legs measured three feet two inches from tip to tip, and when we turned him over he raised himself on these tips several inches above the deck as if to command a better view of things in general. His smallest legs were as large as one's little finger, and it was in one of these that the hook had accidentally caught, the shell being strong enough to lift him over the ship's side. Taking the taste of the bears for good authority, we immediately boiled and transformed him into a crab-lobster salad, sufficient for the whole mess, and which, unlike the lobster, was remarkably juicy and tender. The Doctor listened to several writhing applicants during the ensuing night.

After all, it seemed that our shore party had narrowly escaped an unpleasant time. Upon arriving near the beach, the surf was found to be running very high, but they went at it boldly, and jumping out at the right time, the boat's crew ran her up "high and dry." They were very well content to get wet no higher than the knee.

The master then occupied himself with his observations, while the ramblers started with their guns and revolvers back into the country. The sight of large and numerous bear tracks served to create a feeling of affectionate companionship which kept them pretty well together; they had no idea of attacking Bruin on his own soil, singly, and advanced with prudent caution, as they neared a ridge or turned the bend of a ravine. Finally they came to a river, a broad and noble-looking stream, whose snow-fed waters seemed alive with salmon of the largest description, and capable of floating a liner for miles into the interior. They did not reach its mouth, however, and could not say if it was free, or if crossed by a bar; from our past observation we inferred the latter.

They found the country sandy, undulating, and miserably barren; not a sign of habitation, and, in short, a most cheerless looking spot. They returned to the boat after an hour's tramp, with a few semi-transparent stones as their only prizes, and were there received with the information of "a dozen or more bear having been seen" by the boat's crew further down the beach."

"What a pity we didn't go that way!" said one.

"Maybe it's better we didn't!" said another.

"*I'm* going after them now!" said a third.

"And the *boat's going on board!*" said the master, as he closed his boxes and beckoned to the crew.

"Just like our luck!" exclaimed the last speaker, "we might as well have stopped on board."

Ten minutes later, and the boat was at her davits, while the shrill whistle of our only boatswain's mate was ringing around the silent decks, calling the wearied crew to the oft-repeated work of heaving up the anchor, and telling of work, work, nothing but work, as long as the daylight lasted. Another ten minutes, and we were again under way, continuing through rain and wind the interminable coast line; a stormy end to an unexpected spell of good weather.

*We had then been five months on salt provisions.

BREAKFAST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!
Honest friend is he,
More than gourmand Dinner,
More than genteel Tea,
More than stolid Supper,
Dragging in its train,
Dizzy head and night-mare,
Of paralytic pain.

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!
Little ones, and all—
How their merry footsteps
Patter at the call—
Break the bread—pour freely
Milk that cream-like flows,
A blessing on their appetites,
And on their lips of rose.

Breakfast! It recalls us
From realms of death-like sleep,
From wild and dream-land wanderings
Wherein we laugh or weep—
It giveth strength for labor,
It giveth zeal for play,
New vigor to the student,
Fresh spirits to the gay.

Breakfast!—summer breakfast!
Throw the casement high,
And catch the warbler's carol
On glad wing glancing by—
Set flowers upon your table
Impearl'd with dew-drops rare,
For still their fragrance speaks of Him
Who made this earth so fair.

Breakfast!—winter breakfast!
Recruit the blazing fire,
Heap coal upon the glowing grate
Or fill the furnace higher—
Though drifted snows descending
May whiten field and bower,
Where loving hearts are true and warm,
King Frost hath little power.

Dinner may be pleasant,
So may social tea,
But yet, methinks, the breakfast
Is best of all the three,
With its greeting smile of welcome,
Its holy voice of prayer,
It forgeth heavenly armor
To fit the heels of care.

Breakfast!—early breakfast!
The Sun's new rising ray,
Doth lend a secret magic
To speed you on your way—
For if you let one morning hour
Go by you on the track,
Old Franklin says "You'll trot all day,
But never get it back."

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!
Some there are, who hear
No such household music
Ringing on their ear;
Will they from thy store-house
Cheer them when they pine?
Shedding blessed sunbeams
On their day, and thine?

Hartford, Conn., April, 1856.

Chimneys.—Strange, though it be, yet, thanks to the learned John Beckman, of the University of Gottingen, it is a recognized fact in domestic history, that, previous to the period of the 14th century, chimneys were unknown throughout the world. The "Focus" of the Romans, and the "Heorth" of the Saxons, were constructed in the centre of the apartments designed to be warmed by fires; and no conducting tubes were erected over them to carry away the smoke. An Italian writer of the 14th century, relating the improvements lately made in the habits of his countrymen, has the following instance: "Now," says he, "there are many chimneys in one house to carry away the smoke from the various fires; whereas, before the year of Christ 2320, in houses of the same rank there was no chimney whatever. One fire only was made in the middle of the house beneath the apex of the roof; round this the family assembled in a circle, and there they cooked their food." (*In Muratori*, vol. xvi, p. 582.) Does not this explain certain phrases in common use time out of mind—as "all around the domestic hearth," and "the family circle?" How suites of rooms above each other in the same building, stories as they are called, could be conveniently warmed in this manner, it seems difficult to explain. That they were so warmed is obvious to any one who will take the pains to examine the rafters in the ample roofs of any of our ancient mansions that have remained intact to the present day; they will be found uniformly, and in every part, blackened by smoke.

Sympathy with the Lower Orders of Creation.—Poets of the genuine sort have in all ages been a humane and kind-natured order of men. Burns could sympathize with a poor mouse. Shakspeare says—

"The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

Ferdousi, the Persian poet, gives a verse of pity to the emmet—

"Let the poor ant enjoy his hoard of grain;
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain."

Cowper, as everybody knows, loved his hares, and Byron and Walter Scott loved their dogs. A hundred other instances will occur to the reader.

THE SEA SERPENT.

The Commander of a British vessel recently communicated the following letter, with the above sketch, to the editor of the Illustrated London News:

Ingoxn, Channel, 15th April, 1856.

Sir:—We beg to hand you the inclosed sketch of a Sea Serpent we had the good fortune to sight on the 30th March last.

Imogen, from Algoa Bay, towards London. Sunday, 30th March, 1856. Lat. 29 deg. 11 min. North; Long. 34 deg. 26 min. West; bar. 30.50; calm and clear. Four vessels visible to Southward and Westward.

About five minutes past eleven o'clock, A. M., the helmsman drew our attention to something moving through the water, and causing a strong ripple about four hundred yards distant from our starboard quarter.

In a few moments it became more distinct, presenting the appearance represented in the sketch, and showing an apparent length of about forty feet (above the surface of the sea), the undulations of the water extending on each side to a considerable distance in its wake. Mr. Statham immediately ascended to the maintopsail yard, Capt. Guy and Mr. Harries watching the animal from the deck with the telescope. After passing the ship about half-a-mile the serpent "rounded to" and raised its head, seemingly to look at us all, and then steered away to the Northward (N. E.), possibly to the neighborhood of the Western Islands, frequently lifting its head. We traced its course until nearly on the horizon, from the topsail-yard, and lost sight of it from deck about 11h. 45m., A. M. No doubt remained on our minds as to its being an immense snake, as the undulations of its body were clearly perceptible, although we were unable to distinguish its eyes.

The weather being fine and the glassy surface of the sea only occasionally disturbed by slight flaws (catspaws) of wind, we had a perfect opportunity of noticing its movements.

In conformity to your regulations we inclose our references, and remain,

Sir, your obedient servants,
JAMES GUY, Commander,

J. H. Statham, Julian B. Harries, D. J. Williamson, Passengers.

GRANDFATHER'S OLD FARM.

Some forty years or more ago, a neighbor of mine in C——, a Mr. Smith, occupied an immense tract of land, which he called a "farm." It was about thirty rods in width, and upward of two miles in length; an old Indian "grant," as it was termed; upon which he had been brought up a "farmer," and where his father and grandfather, and great-grandfather, had lived before him.

Each generation of the Smiths that had dwelt upon this strip of land, had "contrived" to "farm it," each in the same old way, year in and year out, from father to son. The place had never known a dollar's incumbrance; scores of Smiths had been reared upon it, generation after generation came and passed away there, and the same cart-path, and the same dilapidated old wall and shanties and decayed trees were still visible—almost the same furrow had been turned for a hundred years and more; when, as had been the custom of the Smith families on previous occasions, it finally came the turn of the occupant to resign grandfather's old place to his only son, Ben Smith, now come to thirty.

For five and forty years at least, Ben's father had carried on this old farm. In all that long period, and regular as the year rolled, so regular had Mr. Smith ploughed up his eight acres, mowed all the grass that Providence would grow for him, pastured his ten sheep, reared his four head of cattle, fattened his three hogs, and wintered as many sows. But this was all.

True, Mr. Smith had a great farm. He toiled like a trooper, from day light to dark. He raised his own pork corn (such as it was) his cattle and fodder; cut from his own forest the wood that he burned; never owed any man a farthing. He contrived even to pay his own town and county tax. But he was literally "even with the world," for he owed no one, and no one owed him a dollar. And so he lived up to seventy.

"Ben," said the old man to his son one evening, as they sat before the winter's fire, "I'm getting old. I've worked pooty hard here for a good many years, and I have concluded to give up. It's your turn now."

"My turn for what?" asked Ben.

"To take charge of the farm, Ben. You're young, stout, and healthy. I'm going to give up the homestead to you; and if you continue to labor constantly, as I have done, and as your grandfather did, afore us, you can get a good livin' off on't as we have done. We can't take nothin' out of this world with us, Ben. Naked we came into it and so must go out. But the old place is free from incumbrance; there never was a dollar mortgage on it, and I hope there never will be. I shall give you the farm, free and clear to-morrow."

Ben slept on this, and next day he was master of a "farm" thirty rods wide and two and a-half miles long. "I shall take the place, father," he said, "and carry it on; but not as you and grandfather, and his father did." And though the old gentleman shook his head, and looked earnestly over the bridge of his specs at his son, Ben was as good as his word; forthwith he went to work in earnest.

Spring came. Ben went into the old eight acre field and ploughed up one-half of it. Upon this he had deposited the whole of the season's manure, that had hitherto been sparely spread upon double the surface. He harrowed these four acres, and harrowed them carefully. Hoeing time came, and Ben had only one-half the space to go over. Though the corn and potatoes looked finely, and the beets, the cabbages and the carrots grew marvellously, the old man grew crusty, and declared it wouldn't do, and that there wouldn't be roots enough. But Ben went right along his own way. At his second hoeing Ben went into his four acres, but not with a hand hoe. He got some kind of a jimerack (as the old man termed it) hitched to the old mare's heels, instead of hoeing his potatoes man fashion; he'd begun with his improvement: but that cultivator, as Ben called it, wouldn't work no how. Ben continued the use of the cultivator, however; the old man continued to grumble, and the corn and potatoes continued to flourish. Ben Smith had gone over to a neighboring town early in the spring, and run in debt (Ben was the first Smith that ever did this thing) for two hundred bushels of "nasty ashes," which he tugged the cattle to draw to the farm, and with which he top-dressed the meadow. Here was an innovation, sure. And he had subscribed for a weekly paper, too; what with his jimerack of a cultivator, his ashes and book-farming, the old gentleman was nearly crazed. "It would never do to go on at this rate," said the old gentleman. But the four acres of corn and potatoes and vegetables still grew finely. Never had the Smiths seen such corn, such potatoes and carrots. The grass came up thick, strong, and thrifty, and the harvest time came round at last. The cattle had plenty of good feed, and they were fat and sleek; the pigs were fat, the old horse was fat, the poultry was fat, and Ben grew fat and jolly as he garnered his high corn, his big potatoes, his generous sized beets, and his great bright yellow carrots. Ben had found time during his evenings, to read agricultural articles and to post himself in regard to the markets.

Winter came. The good old farmer entered the barn. It was crammed with hay and cornstalks, and wheat and rye. The granary was loaded with corn, and Ben, who had been carefully taught to shell the cobs across the edge of the shovel, now stood beside another stupid machine, throwing in a bushel of ears at the top, while the big, golden kernels rushed out in a constant shower at the bottom. Ben Smith had "squandered" six dollars—in cash—upon a corn-sheller! "Ah! what in the silly boy coming to?" exclaimed the venerable progenitor, as he sighed and turned to the barn again. The old man examined the harvesting. There was more hay in the mows than ever before. The corn had turned out grandly. There was everything in profusion, and only half the eight acres had been tilled! Ben pointed to this gratifying result, and his father only shook his head and said, "Ben, you have been lucky; we've had a remarkable season. Things have grown finely. A very forward season, Ben, very."

Ben Smith, Jr., only smiled at this. He killed off the old razor-back grunters that had been bred upon the ancient farm from time immemorial, and bought six improved Suffolks—instead of the three alligators that had previously been annually tolerated on the Smith place. The superannuated cows, "with crumpled horns" were turned into beef and a brace of shining Durhams supplied their places. A sub-soil plough found its way into the yard one morning early in the spring, and a "new-fangled" harrow followed this. Then came a new patent churn, then a capital straw-cutter, then more "nasty ashes," then a seed drill—and there was no end, said Ben senior, to the infernal machines that Ben junior cluttered up the place with.

Ben had been no idler meantime. He had drawn into the cow-yard two hundred loads of pond muck the previous fall. He got plaster enough and crushed bones and mixed with it, and when February came, it was heaped out generously upon the four acres again. Everything went on smilingly, and at haying time the "cap sheaf" of machinery arrived. What on earth is that? asked the old gentleman, as Ben put his team before a new horse rake. Ben laughed outright, and asked his respected dad why he didn't read the papers. But his father said he had no occasion, he knew enough. Again the old barns creaked under their generous harvest of hay and grain and vegetables, and again the old man looked and sighed, and declared that the season had been remarkable, very.

Ben hadn't room to stow away two-thirds of his year's produce! But his hay was excellent, his potatoes were noble ones; his carrots, beets and onions were splendid; he had surplus rutabagas by the cord, and turnips and squashes and cabbages by the ton, all of which readily found a good market several miles distant. Nobody believed it at first, but all these fine products really came from the old Smith farm. When the snow and sleet rattled around that ancient mansion that winter, Ben owed no man a dollar; his barn and bins, and cellars were well filled, and he had 300 dollars in clean cash on hand! Here was a fortune. Verily, Ben, said his parent, you have been lucky, and the seasons have been favorable. The Elder Smith has been gathered to his fathers. Benjamin Smith, Jr., Esq., is now a man of solid substance, a justice of the peace. He knows the difference between partial and thorough cultivation; he can tell you the benefits of sub-soil ploughing and shallow furrow; he can tell you whether and wherefore a piece of Suffolk pork or Durham beef is preferable to that of the greyhound hog or the shingleback ox; he knows how to use the horserake and potato dropper; he will inform you of the advantages to be derived from irrigation, from draining, from the use of the phosphate of lime, and the like; he will show on his farm big hay stacks, generous squashes, huge potatoes, twelve-rowed corn, fat hogs, improved poultry, sleek, velvety cattle, and all "jimcracks" of a modern agricultural progress—and you will find, in a snug corner of Ben's sleeping-room, at old Smith's homestead, the choicest agricultural library in the State; while he is a constant reader of, and paying subscriber to, all the book-farm publications in the country.

No one that knew the old Smith farm five and twenty years ago, would recognize it now. Squire Ben is worth a pretty fortune, has a buxom wife and half-a-dozen children, and though a little corpulent—for he will live well—he is as lively and thrifty a book-farmer as you or I would wish to meet with.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Let the Children Sing.—The editor of the American Magazine, in speaking of vocal music, says:—

"All children can learn to sing, if they commence in season. In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools, all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches singing is not confined to the choir, that sits apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart that can give utterance to this language from the soul. In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked influence in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr. Rush used to say that the reason why the Germans seldom die of consumption was, that they were always singing."

☞ Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.—*Sydney Smith.*

THEE, DEAREST.

Oh, that from far-away mountains
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains,
Rising from jewelled caves,
I could call a fairy bird,
Who, where'er thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest!

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions
Eyes that would give thee light.
Thou shouldst see that he was born
In a land of gold and morn,
To be thy servant, dearest!

Oft should he drop on thy tresses
A pearl, or diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses
Blossoms in Eden grown.
Round thy path his wings would shower
Now a gem and now a flower,
And dewy odors, dearest!

He should fetch from his eastern island
The songs that the Peris sing,
And when evening is clear and silent,
Spells to thy ear would bring;
And with his mysterious strain,
Would entrance thy weary brain,
Love's own music, dearest!

No Phœnix, alas! will hover
Bent from the morning star;
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far;
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah, receive and treasure long
A heart that loves thee, dearest!

WALLENSTEIN.

Even the appearance of this General struck the beholder with reverence and awe. A tall, thin, proud figure, with sallow countenance and stern features; a lofty, commanding forehead, with short, bristling black hair; small, black, fiery and piercing eyes; dark, mistrustful looks; his chin and lips covered with a pointed beard and thick mustachios, the ends of which stood stiffly out; such was the man, as we may still see him in his portraits. His usual dress consisted of a buff jerkin and a white doublet, scarlet mantle and hose, a broad Spanish ruff, boots of Cordova leather, lined with fur on account of his gout; on his hat he wore, like Tilly, a long, waving red plume.

Whilst in the camp the most riotous gaiety reigned paramount, the most profound stillness was enforced in his own immediate neighborhood. He is said to have once caused a valet of his to be hanged, for having awakened him without express orders; and an officer to be privately put to death, for having startled him by the jingling of his spurs. He was always plunged in thought, occupied only with himself and his own plans and projects. He was indefatigable in mental exertion and practical labor; but in thought and deed alike, he drew only from the resources of his own mind and his own will, in proud independence of every foreign influence. He even disliked being looked at whilst receiving reports or giving orders; and the soldiers were directed, when he walked through the rows of their tents, not to appear to take any notice of him. The men were struck with a strange awe when Wallenstein's tall, thin figure glided along like a ghost; there was about all his being something mysterious, solemn, and unearthly. The soldiers were fully convinced that their General had a bond with the powers of darkness; that he read the future in the stars; that he could not bear to hear the barking of the dog nor the crowing of the cock; that he was proof against bullet as well as against cut and stab; and, above all, that he had charmed Fortune to stand by his colors. Fortune, indeed, which was his deity, became that of the whole of his army.

Wallenstein was a man of the most fiery temper, but outwardly he always showed himself cool and collected. His orders were brief and terse. He was very chary with his words; but, although he spoke little, what he spoke was full of energy and to the purpose. Least of all he spoke about himself; yet the most ardent ambition burnt quietly and silently within him. To that passion he in cold blood sacrificed everything and everybody. George Zrinyi, Ban of Croatia, one day brought to him the head of a Turk of high station which he had cut off himself. As the Ban, in producing the ghastly trophy, made the remark, "This is the way in which one ought to pursue the Emperor's enemies," Wallenstein answered with icy coldness, "I have seen some heads cut off before, but I never cut off one myself;" and soon after, he treated the Ban at dinner to a poisoned radish, of which Zrinyi died. This happened in 1626. —*Dr. Vehse's History of the Court, Aristocracy and Diplomacy of Austria.*

Curious Investigations.—The inquiries with which men of intelligence have frequently occupied their thoughts, will often provoke a smile. Inquiries as to the burial-place of Adam, his height, the extent of his knowledge; to these, and other subjects of equal utility, men of zeal and learning have devoted great time and labor.

A shoemaker of Amiens, published, in 1615, a tract, in which, tracing the history of boots, he asserted that Adam was the first to make them from the skins of beasts, and that he learned the art from God himself.

A member of the Academy, in a laborious dissertation on the weights and measures of the ancients, favors us with the following chronological scale of the various heights of men since the creation:—Adam, 123 feet, 9 inches; Eve, 118 feet, 9½ inches; Noah, 103 feet; Abraham, 27 feet; Moses, 13 feet; Hercules, 10 feet; Alexander, 10 feet; Julius Cæsar, 5 feet. He sagely added that, if Providence had not been pleased to suspend this progressive decrease, men would be no bigger than the smallest insect.

Even in these days speculation is eccentric enough to be absurd, if not impious. The Retrospective Review—an English publication—for June, last year, contained a speculation, extending to seven pages, upon the occupation of God before the creation!

In 1740, a Swedish physician, whose name is given, maintained, in a natural history of the Bible, that the food with which the Hebrews were fed in the desert was neither quail nor locust, but herring—"good red herring." The father of this writer wrote a book to show that the locality of Paradise was Sweden.

Not many years before, an English clergyman had attempted to prove the sun to be no other than hell.

A Spanish Jesuit undertook, in a certain treatise, to describe the delights of Paradise, one of which will consist of playing on instruments like those in use on earth. He was outdone, however, by another Jesuit, who wrote "Occupations de Saints dan le Ciel." According to this gentleman, the blessed shall delight in embracing one another, in bathing in delightful baths, in which they shall swim like fishes, they shall sing more melodiously than nightingales, and take delight in balls, masquerades and ballets.

A Slave to Fear.—Jacques Coetier, a physician, was the only person who could keep in awe the turbulent, uneven spirit of Louis IX. of France. He governed him by making proper use of that dread of death, to which the king was subject to a degree so ridiculous, that he once actually stopped a priest, who, after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his *future* welfare. "Hold! Hold!" cried he, "you have gone far enough for once. Never be tiresome in your address to God Almighty. Stop now, and pray for my *soul another time.*" Coetier, thoroughly acquainted with this infirmity, used to to say to him, "one of these days, you will send *me* packing, I suppose, as I have seen you act by your other servants; but, mark my words, if you do, you will not live eight days after it." By repeating this menace, he not only kept himself in his station, but persuaded the pusillanimous king to appease him with great and valuable presents.

HOW TO PUT OFF THE OLD MAN.

Pass your hand over Deacon M.'s head, and about an inch and a half above, and a little forward of the ears, you fine a *protuberance* which phrenologists call the bump of *acquisitiveness.*

By nature the Deacon loved Mammon; by grace he loved God. Between them there was continual war. Both fought—one like *Michael*, the other like the *Devil.* As there was long war between the houses of David and the house of Saul, as there was long war in the earthly house of the Deacon.

As with God, so with the Deacon; a troop overcame him, but he overcame at last, as appears by the following circumstance:

In the same church with Deacon M. was a poor brother. This poor man had the misfortune to lose his cow. She died. To get him another, the good deacon headed a subscription with five dollars, and paid it. This act disquieted Mammon. Mammon, with true *Israelitish* zeal, began to rant and rave: "Why this waste! charity begins at home; the more you give the more you may; let people learn to take care of themselves."

The deacon was a Baptist; but he found that the baptismal water did neither drown, wash away, or wash clean the old man. The tempter backed Mammon, and putting a glass to the Deacon's eye showed him not the kingdoms and glories of this world, but the poor-house, wretchedness, poverty and rags, and said: "All these things will your master give you in your old age as a reward of your charity."

To still these clamors, Deacon M. went to the destitute man, and told him he must give back the five dollars. The poor man returned them. This last act roused the NEW MAN, and now nature and grace stood face to face.

To give, or not to give, that is the question.

Thus stood the deacon, poising and balancing, and halting between two opinions. The deacon spoke: "My brother, some men are troubled with their old woman; I am troubled with my *old man.* I must put off my old man, as the Jews put off their new man—*crucify him, crucify him.*" Then unstrapping his pocket book, he took out a ten dollar bill and gave the poor man. "There," said the deacon, "my old man, say another word, and I'll give him twenty dollars."—*Christian Secretary.*

Indian Anecdote.—Charlevoix relates that an Indian, of the Ottagami or Fox tribe, was tortured by the Illinois. After loading them with all the insults he could think of, he looked around and saw among their number a Frenchman from Canada whom he knew. He called out to him to "assist the Illinois in tormenting him.

"And why should I assist them?" cried the Frenchman.

"That I may have the comfort of dying by the hands of a *man,*" said the prisoner; "my greatest grief is that I never killed a *man!*"

Here an Illinois interrupted him, and said that he had killed such and such persons—naming several of the Illinois tribe.

"Ha, ha, ha! the *Illinois,* indeed!" said the captive, with an air of contemptuous defiance; "the Illinois! I have killed enough of *them,* truly—but I never have killed a man!"

His enraged foes soon paid him for this speech, as he expected and hoped, with a death-blow.

☞ Supposing we all of us had windows in our breasts to-morrow, do you think we should not take good care to keep the blinds down?—*Punch.*

Useful Receipts.

A Spring Soup.—The following is recommended for purifying the blood, and consequently clearing the complexion:—Take a handful of fresh sorrel and a handful of water-cresses; cut them up fine, but do not chop them; put them into about two quarts of boiling water, adding a carrot cut up in small pieces, three or four potatoes, cut in quarters, two rounds of bread (if of a half-quartern loaf), also cut up, pepper and salt to taste. Boil well till the soup assumes a consistency, which it will do as the vegetables and bread dissolve in it. Stir it frequently, and it will prove a very palatable soup. With a moderate fire it may be prepared in about two hours. The liquor from any boiled meat may be used instead of plain water.

To Cook a Ham.—An excellent manner of cooking a ham is the following:—Boil it three or four hours according to the size; then skin the whole and fit it for the table; then set in the oven for half an hour, cover it thickly with pounded rusk or bread crumbs, and set back for half an hour longer. Boiled ham is always improved by setting it in an oven for near an hour, until much of the fat dries out, and it also makes it more tender.—*Southern Farmer.*

Plain Fruit Cake.—One loaf bread, half cup of butter, and a half do. sugar, half do. molasses, half do. butter-milk, half do. currants, one do. raisins, half do. citron, three eggs, one teaspoonful saleratus. Season to taste; brandy if you choose.—*Farmer's Daughter, East Bloomfield.*

Port-Wine Jelly.—Melt in a little warm water an ounce of isinglass; stir it into a pint of port-wine, adding two ounces of sugar candy, an ounce of gum arabic, and half a nutmeg grated. Mix all well, and boil it ten minutes; or till everything is thoroughly dissolved. Then strain it through muslin, and set it away to get cold. For nice jelly, having picked and washed a quarter of a pound of rice, mix it with half a pound of loaf-sugar, and just sufficient water to cover it. Boil it till it becomes a glutinous mass; then strain it; season it with whatever may be thought proper, and then let it stand to cool.

Chicken Jelly.—For chicken jelly, take a large chicken, cut it up into very small pieces, bruise the bones, and put the whole into a stone jar with a cover that will make it water-tight. Set the jar in a large kettle of boiling water, and keep it boiling for three hours. Then strain off the liquid, and season it slightly with salt, pepper, and mace; or with loaf sugar and lemon juice, according to the taste of the person for whom it is intended. Return the fragments of the chicken to the jar, and set it again in a kettle of boiling water. You will find that you can collect nearly as much jelly by the second boiling. This jelly may be made of an old fowl.

Bread Jelly.—For bread jelly, measure a quart of boiling water, and set it away to get cold. Take one-third of a half-quartern loaf bread, slice it, pare off the crust, and toast the crumb nicely of a light brown. Then put it into the boiled water, set it on hot coals in a covered pan, and boil it gently, till you find, by putting some in a spoon to cool, that the liquid has become a jelly. Strain it through a thin cloth, and set it away for use. When it is to be taken, warm a teacupful, sweeten it with sugar, and add a little grated lemon peel.

To Make Good Rusk.—Take a piece of bread-dough large enough to fill a quart bowl, one teacup of melted butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus; knead quite hard, roll out thin, lap it together, roll to the thickness of thin biscuit, cut out with a biscuit mould, and set it to rise in a warm place. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient. Bake them and dry thoroughly through, and you will have an excellent rusk to eat with your coffee. You can make them with hop yeast, and sweeten them, too, if you please; I use milk yeast.

Gratin or Lobster.—Take out all the meat from a large lobster, then wash the body, tail, and shells if the lobster is first cut in halves down the back; then dry and butter them, and sprinkle them with bread crumbs, chop up the meat fine, with a little parsley and shalot, a few drops of essence of anchovies, a spoonful of vinegar, cayenne pepper and salt, a little bechemel sauce, and boil all well together; then add a yolk of egg, put it to cool, then fill your shells or paper cases, cover it with bread crumbs and some pieces of butter, brown them in the oven, and dish on a napkin.

AN AMERICAN FOREST SPRING.

BY ALFRED B STREET.

Now fluttering breeze,—now stormy blast,
Mild rain, then blustering snow,—
Winter's stern festering cold has passed,
But, sweet Spring, where art thou?
The White cloud floats 'mid smiling blue,
The broad bright sunshine's golden hue
Bathes the still frozen earth:
'Tis changed!'—above, black vapors roll,—
We turn from our expected stroll,
And seek the blazing hearth.

Hark—that sweet carol! with delight
We leave the stifling room,—
The little blue-bird meets our sight,—
Spring, glorious Spring has come!
The south-wind's balm is in the air,
The melting snow-wreaths everywhere
Are leaping off in showers;
And Nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that her flowers and leaves and brooks
And birds will soon be ours.

A few soft sunny days have shone,
The air has lost its chill,
A bright green tinge succeeds the brown
Upon the southern hill
Off to the woods—a pleasant scene;
Here sprouts the fresh young wintergreen,
There swells a mossy mound:
Though in the hollow, drifts are piled,
The wandering wind is sweet and mild,
And buds are bursting round.

Where its long rings uncurls the fern,
The violet, nestling low,
Casts back the white lids of its urn,
Its purple streaks to show.
Beautiful Blossom! first to rise
And smile beneath Spring's wakening skies,
The courier of the band
Of coming flowers,—what frollage sweet
Gush as the silvery gem we meet
Upon its slender wand!

Warmer is each successive sky,
More soft the breezes pass;
The maple's gems of crimson lie
Upon the thick green grass
The dogwood sheds its cincture white,
The birch has dropped its tassels slight,
Cowslips are round the rill;
The thresher whistles in the glen,
Flutters around the warbling wren;
And swamps have voices shrill.

A simultaneous burst of leaves
Has clothed the forest now;
A single day's bright sunshine weaves
This vivid, gorgeous show.
Masses of shade are cast beneath,
The flowers are spread in varied wreath,
Night brings its soft, sweet moon,
Morn wakes in mist, and twilight grey
Weeps its bright dew, and smiling May
Melts into blooming June!

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

L'ABBE DE L'ECOLE DE LA CHARITE.

Behold!
Your grief is but your sin in the rebound,
And cannot expiate for it!
—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

The Malmaisons at Paris occupied the first floor of a first-class hotel, in a first-class street. Nothing less would suit the cold pride of "Madame." Her great wealth and high connection were a passport at once to the best American society in the city. A double motive brought Mrs. Malmaison to Paris—one-half of which the reader knows, and with the other half will soon become acquainted; this was, in a word, to purchase a title, in that most favorable part in the world for a worldly woman to barter wealth for the hand and coronet of some desperately needy member of the *ancienne noblesse*. It was a paltry ambition, unworthy of that woman's cold, granite-like strength of will and understanding—or would have been under other circumstances. Ten years previous, in her first widowhood, she might with more propriety have aspired to that distinction. And yet those ten years had passed over the form and features of that calm, emotionless woman with no more effect than if she had been the alabaster image that she looked. Will it be believed?—at forty, in all except the *rascality* of youth, which, by the way, she had never possessed, she looked as youthful as Vivia at half that age! An unsunned, dewy freshness was the most beautiful peculiarity of her albino style of beauty. No newly-opened lily in the morning could look purer and fresher. She did not deny or seek to conceal her age—on the contrary she took a cool pleasure in admitting her forty years, and smiled at the irrepressible surprise of men, and the impressive vexation of women of her own age, who looked so much older and yet wished to appear so much younger, and who, by her expose, must feel themselves set down at sixty for the lowest. She also rather paraded, in a calm way, her son, else no one would have guessed such a relationship between the tall, dark, grave-looking gentleman known as Mr. Malmaison, and this fair beauty; they could have about as easily have imagined him to be her father. So coolly certain was Ada of the untarnished lustre of her alabaster beauty, as seen in the delicate, classic roundness of her perfect face and form, the transparent fairness of her complexion, and the tender clearness of her eyes, that it was in the insolence of power that she kept her age before the people. Truly she never said in so many words, "I am forty years old," but she would say something like this: "Oui, monseigneur, I have seen the statue, and agree with you that its whole effect is less *artistic* than *artificial*. At least such was its effect upon me, when I visited St. Petersburg, some twenty-five years ago." Or else: "Non, Madame, this is not my first visit to Paris. I was here in the troublous times when the blind powers occupied the city."

"*Grand Dieu! Cette femme est une Cagliostre feminin*" would be the silent comment, when Ada said this, with the cool insolence of conscious beauty and power as who should say, "Let those regard time who yield to its influence. Years are nothing to me." "*Elle est une Ninon sans l'esprit*," was sometimes said of this snowy beauty. The *parti* she had secured was the Vicomte De Lozere, a gentleman of certain age, but of distinguished presence, with a pedigree as long as his list of creditors. This was the "affair" of Mrs. Malmaison, of which Vivia, in her letter to Theodora, spoke.

In every great metropolis, of course, there are circles below circles, and there are coteries and cliques ignorant of each other as if instead of dwelling in the same city, they lived at relative antipodes. What, for instance, had the poor abbes of the *Ecole de la Compassion*, and the *Hospital de la Charite*, to do with the habitues of the saloons of the Tuileries?

There was at this time a poor priest, at once pere maitre of the *Ecole de la Charite*, who, not enjoying the privilege of *confesseur* to any *dame-du-qualite*, by any chance entered the magic circle of the He was a man of forty-five, with the bent and shrunken features and whitened hair of sixty. He went plodding on from day to day in work of charity, unconscious that within a stone's cast of his post of duty, sojourned the two women, in whom, of all the race, save one other, he was the most interested. A seeming accident brought their mutual propinquity to his knowledge.

In the refined elegance of Mrs. Malmaison's establishment and surroundings, there was one very striking anomaly—this was in the person of her confidential attendant, Bridget Dougherty, or "Biddy Durty," as the truthful nomenclature of her dusky fellow-servants had dubbed her—Biddy Dougherty, with her unmitigated Connaught face, and her incurable brogue! Those intimate friends—if Ada Malmaison—a stranger to her daily associates and family circle, could be truly said to have intimate friends—who chanced to see this rude retainer about the person of the lady, gently lifted eyebrows and shoulders, and privately classed Biddy as un *esprit familier, une bete noire*, or, at the very least, a *caprice* of Madame. All this Biddy, with her Irish quickness, perceived, and—sure of her position—disregarded. Ada Malmaison never lost sight, or surveillance of her strange Abigail. For some months past, however, it might have been noticed in the family that there was a cloud between the mistress and the maid—a something absolutely certain, yet difficult to define. Mrs. Malmaison was kind as ever—yet no kinder, for that cool lady was seldom moved by the moods of those around her. But Biddy had grown flighty, despondent and shy of her mistress—who, perhaps, just now might have kept her under closer espionage than ever.

One night about this time Vivia was startled out of her sleep by a cry that sounded through the house. She sprang up at the sound, hurried on her dressing-gown, and hastened along the corridor in the direction of the cry that seemed to have come from Bridget Dougherty's room. The lights were out; but a taper from within the little chamber of Bridget gleamed through the keyhole, at the extremity of the corridor. Vivia hastened towards it, but before she reached the spot, either the key was turned straight in the lock, or the light was extinguished, for it suddenly disappeared, leaving all in darkness and in silence.—She rapped loudly at the door, however, calling—

"Bridget! Bridget! was that you that screamed? Is anything the matter?"

A soft, shuffling struggle—and a sudden cry—

"Och! Howly St. Pather! Miss Genevieve! Help!—" and the voice was suddenly stifled amid a soft, floundering sound—and once more broke out suddenly in the single, piercing cry of "*Murther!*" and then was again stilled under a subdued, desperate wrestle.

Vivia tried the door but found it fast, then she flew to ring the alarm-bell, but swiftly as she passed, she was intercepted by the quiet opening of a door on the left hand of the corridor, and the appearance of Mrs. Malmaison, in her white dressing-gown and delicate lace cap, looking so fresh and calm and cool, that her very presence acted at once as a sedative and refrigerative.

"Well, what is the matter, Vivia?"

"Good Heaven!—Bridget! She—"

"Has the night-mare, I suppose. She is rather subject to it—let us go and see."

And Mrs. Malmaison, bearing the perfumed taper, led the way to Bridget's little room. When they reached it, she requested Vivia to open the door. Vivia tried the lock, and, to her astonishment, it now readily yielded, the door swung open, and they entered. What a sight met their eyes!

Bridget Dougherty was sitting straight up in bed, her form rigid, her face blackened as by partial suffocation, her eyes glaring into vacancy.

But the instant the light flashed upon her sight, all this changed, she fell back upon her pillow, dragging the coverlet over her face, and with a prolonged howl, lay shuddering with the excess of terror.

"Bridget, what ails you?" inquired Mrs. Malmaison, coolly approaching the bedside.

Another wilder howl answered her.

"Are you ill, Bridget?" inquired Vivia.

At the sound of her voice the woman uncovered her head an instant, and seeing Vivia, and feeling, or seeming to feel reassured by her presence, opened the following battery upon her mistress:

"And are ye come again to murther me in me slape? Oh! and it's afraid, I'll be afther spaking iv yes ugly secrets ye are! It's the mercy of St. Pather I'm strength enough for the likes of ye!" etc., etc.

Vivia looked on in surprise and dismay, while Mrs. Malmaison fixed her eyes steadily upon the eyes of the excited woman, and after a moment, without removing her gaze, laid her hand upon her forehead, and after another moment spoke, coolly, calmly, kindly—

"You have had an attack of nightmare, Bridget."

"Aye, was it an attack of nightmare?" began Bridget ironically, but without her former excitement. "Aye, was it? and a snowy nightmare it was with a white coat and silvery rosne, and—"

"Compose yourself, Bridget," said the lady, quietly stroking her forehead.

"—With a snowy skin and silvery hair, and—"

"Compose yourself, Bridget," monotonously repeated the lady, smoothing the woman's forehead.

"—Silvery curls, and—"

"Compose yourself, Bridget," still reiterated the lady, speaking in monotone and keeping her hand on the brow of the patient.

"Curls, and—" That was the last. Bridget's voice sunk into inarticulate murmurs, and then ceased. A few more passages of that magic hand, and the woman lay in a seemingly deep sleep.

"She is over it now. Come, my dear, let us retire."

"Let me remain with her though the night, madame."

Mrs. Malmaison hesitated an instant, looked into Vivia's face, and then answered,

"As you please, my dear; but summon me if you grow tired of your watch," and taking up her taper, she passed out of the room.

Vivia took her seat by the bedside of the sleeper, who slept on so calmly through the short remaining hours of the night, that when, at last, the matin bell of the neighboring *Ecole de la Charite* rang, Vivia thought she might with propriety leave her charge, and was preparing to do so when the door opened quietly, and Mrs. Malmaison, like a spirit of peace, glided in.

"Well, my dear, you have seen by this time that there was no necessity for the sacrifice of your night's rest."

"Bridget has slept quietly enough certainly," said Vivia.

"Will you go now and sleep?"

"I will go now, and bathe and dress," said Vivia, giving a last glance at the couch of Bridget as she left the room.

From this time there seemed to be a strange spell upon the Irish woman. Good Catholic as she was, she never approached the church, while the gloom and sullenness of her mood, insignificant as she was, really infected the whole house; the servants of the establishment were overcast with its heavy shadow, while Gabrielle, the little daughter of the *Concierge*, declared that "cette femme Irlandoise" put her in a grave, smothered her with clay! Only Mrs. Malmaison was unaffected, while a vague, silent, but a deadly struggle seemed going on between the mistress and the confidential maid. It was about this time that Vivia's and Austin's attention was taken up with the news of Theodora's marriage, communicated in a letter from the Abbess of Genevieve, and with the new arrangements that step seemed to render expedient, and also with the still stranger intelligence conveyed by Mrs. Malmaison of her own approaching nuptials with the Vicomte De Lozere. The time appointed for this wedding was drawing very near; but meanwhile the "*bete noir*" of the household was growing blacker and sullener every day.

One morning when Mrs. Malmaison was gone upon a shopping expedition, and Austin had strolled out somewhere, Vivia was in her own room, engaged in writing to Theodora, when a groan from a neighboring chamber fell on her ear—a second and a third succeeded, and then she recognized the voice of Bridget Dougherty, and hastened to her assistance.

The room at the extremity of the corridor was open, and upon the bed lay Bridget, writhing.

"What is the matter?" asked Vivia, drawing near in compassion.

"Och, thin, honey, it's *kill* I am, I'm thinking"—here a paroxysm of pain took her, and she spoke no more for a moment, but remained wrestling in silence with the agony, while Vivia flew to the bell, and rang for a servant to send for a physician. Going back to the bed, she found the woman half fainting from her recent struggle. While bathing her face with water she inquired—

"Where is your pain, Bridget?"

"Och, honey, it's poisoned I am, I'm dead, sure, it's poisoned I am! Oh! howly St. Pather! it's a judgment on meself—so it is!"

Just at this moment the door opened, and a servant appeared in answer to the bell.

"This woman is very ill—hasten instantly, and bring the nearest physician, the very first one you can find," exclaimed Vivia.

"*Le bon Pere d l'Ecole de la Charite est aussi un medecin, Mademoiselle.*"

"Go bring him at once then," replied Vivia, as she turned her attention again to Bridget, while the lacquey went to do her bidding. The woman was quiet in an interval of ease, and to Vivia's renewed inquiries, she replied.

"Och! honey, meself is subject to faintness, and I do take for it a gill of casthor ile in a toombler iv brandy, and that same does me a wurruld of good. But the Lord have a hand in me! and the Vargin betwane me and hurrum, I was tuk this morning with a murthering pain in me chist and a cowld faver, wid a burning in me head, as if it would fly to pieces, and meself did open the misthresses beaufet, and take a sup o' suthing, and—och! howly saints, I'm burning up in my insides!" cried Bridget, suddenly breaking off, and writhing with a return of torture. "It was p'ison! I'm sure it was p'ison, and a thrap laid for meself! Och! blissid angels! it's all over wid me! an' it's not a docther, but a praste I'm wanting," cried the poor creature in the intervals of her paroxysm.

Vivia sought by every means at hand to relieve her sufferings.

"You shall have both, Bridget. The man I have summoned is both priest and physician," said Vivia, soothingly.

The words had scarcely left her lips before the door opened, and the lacquey announced—

"L'Abbe Francois," and Vivia, turning with surprise and joy, exclaimed, smiling,

"Father Francis Laglorieux?"

"My dear child! my dear Vivia! you here! Why how is this?" exclaimed the Abbe, advancing and taking her by both hands.

Before Vivia could reply to his question, a cry from the sick woman, who was now in strong convulsions, arrested their attention, and both hastened to the bedside. Vivia, in hurried accents, recounted what she had heard of the history of the woman's seizure, and added that she feared poison had been swallowed by mistake.

"Och, it was a thrap! it was a thrap! it was put there for me," cried Bridget, in the midst of her suffering.

"Hush, hush, my daughter, you must not say that!" said Father Francis, as he proceeded to examine his patient, whose convulsions returning with accelerated violence, greatly alarmed the spectators. Father Francis wrote a rapid prescription and dispatched it by the footman, who had remained in attendance in the corridor.

"She is laboring under the effects of strychnia," he whispered, as he passed the pale and awe-struck Vivia. The spasms now returned, after shorter intervals and with greater violence. And even in the intermissions so acute was the nervous sensibility that a light touch or the *fear* of being touched, was enough to throw the patient into violent convulsion, at the same time that her mental faculties were not only undiminished, but increased in clearness and strength. Even in the midst of the frightful convulsions that contorted her whole frame, her eyes remained clear and pure—only sparkling and flashing like stars.

"Father Francis, dear," she said in her intervals of ease, "you see I know ye and it's yourself I want to spake to! Och! it's all over wid me! nought ye can do will relave me body. But ye'll let me relave me conscience—" a terrible paroxysm arrested her words, and while she was still struggling, the servant arrived from the druggists with medicines and a sponge. Father Francis hastily seized one of the vials, poured a quantity of chloric-ether from it upon the sponge and gave it to Vivia, with directions to hold it to the sufferer's nostrils. This was difficult—for the approach of any hand fearfully augmented the violence of the spasms.

"Do not be afraid, indeed I will not touch you, Bridget, only let me hold this sponge near enough for you to inhale the ether—it will surely relieve you, try to snuff it up," said Vivia, gently. The poor creature did as she was bidden, and the relaxing influence of the subtle element soon modified her sufferings, while Father Francis administered a dose of the extract of Indian hemp, the only antidote to strychnia then known.

"Ah! it's no use at all, at all, Father dear! I'm going! I know it, for when I'm not struggling, sure I'm sinking like a man in the say!"

And in truth no one could look at her and doubt for a moment the speedy approach of death. A paroxysm more frightful than any that had preceded it now convulsed and blackened her form. This lasted sometime, and when it was over her form remained in the twisted posture in which the last awful spasm had left it; and her features were crushed in and darkened over with the shadow of approaching dissolution. Father Francis bent over, fearing that she had already breathed her last.

"She is still living, but can nothing be done to restore her?" asked Vivia, in extreme anxiety.

"No power on earth can save her!" exclaimed the priest. Then, sinking on his knees at the bedside, he addressed the dying woman. "Bridget, my poor daughter! if there is anything you would like to say or do, any last sacrament of confession or communion it were best done now, my poor child."

"Eh! so soon, and me not ready!" exclaimed the terrified woman, with a cry of anguish, as she started up and then fell back in another convulsion that threatened to take her life. "I knew it though! I knew it—only it is so dreadful to hear you say it," she murmured, as the paroxysm once more passed off.

"My poor daughter, you go to a merciful Judge. But, before you depart, use the few moments that you have left in preparing to meet His face. Genevieve, my dear, leave me alone with my penitent."

"No! no!—no! no. What I have to say must be said before witnesses! Oh, b issit saints be between me and death till I tell it! Sure it's laid on me conscience long!" She ceased a moment, while Father Francis and Vivia drew near to catch the low tones of her failing voice. "Stoop down—listen! Eustatia Malmaison—"

"Ha! *Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Father Francis, bending down, "what of her?"

"Twenty-one years ago she gave birth to a living son, at Mount Storm, in Maryland."

Again the voice died away in exhaustion, while the priest, with strained eyes and blanched and breathless lips bent over to catch her faintest tones.

"The birth of that child was concealed—"

"But the mother! the mother?" cried the priest, in an agony of anxiety, lest that voice should fail too soon."

"She *disappeared*—and I—that is all I know of her?"

"And the child—"

"Is Austin Malmaison?"

"*Grand dieu!*" cried Father Francis, dropping his convulsed face into the palms of his hands. "Go on—go on—" he said at length, without lifting his head.

"Och, then! there's not much more to tell! *I* helped to conceal the real birth of Austin, and to palm him off on the old man as the son of Mrs. Ada Malmaison!"

"But why? why was this double fraud perpetrated?"

"Oh! thin! don't ye know? To get all the old man's money, which she couldn't have got unless she had had a child, which she couldn't hope for, you'll know—because demons never can be mothers."

Here the voice again died quite away, and Father Francis had to bend his ear to within an inch of the sinking woman's lips, before he could catch the answer to his next question.

"The real mother! Eustacia! tell me what you know of her!"

"The blissid St. Pather, witness, I know nothing more than I have told yees—I wasn't in *that* sacred—ask *her*—"

These were the last intelligible words that Bridget spoke. Muttering someting about "a trap," and "poison," and "misthress's beaufet," her voice sunk into inarticulate babbling, and then into silence. She was sinking fast. Father Francis stretching his hands over her, pronounced the formula of absolution and benediction. Vivia held the crucifix to the congealing lips, too lifeless to receive the blessed sign with a kiss, while Father Francis clasped his venerable hands, and lifted up his voice in prayer for a parting soul. It was soon over.

"She is gone," sighed Vivia, laying the crucifix upon the lifeless bosom; "shall I summon the women of the household, Father?"

"No, my child! no, Vivia! Go you and watch for the return of madame! tell her nothing of this affair, but only that the *Maitre de l'Ecole de la Charite* would like to see her in this room."

Vivia hesitated.

"My Father! must I do this thing."

"No, no, Vivia, if you dislike the office! send the servant who was here just now, to me, and go you to your own apartment, and be quiet until you hear from me. There is much to be talked over between us, my child."

"Yes! very much, Father!" said Vivia, still hesitating, as if she fain would have remained.

"But this is not the place, my child. Go now and do as I have directed you."

Vivia obeyed, and left the room. Seeing Victor in the corridor, she sent him to Father Francis. And then she passed to her own chamber, took out of her bureau a miniature of Mother Agatha, painted by Theodora, and also the last letter of the Abbess.

"I am sure—I am sure she is his long lost wife; but at any event, the miniature will prove the question. If she is the lost Eustacia, he will know the miniature and the hand writing. What a fearful mystery of iniquity has that poor woman pointed out!" mournfully thought Vivia, as she sat gazing upon the most sorrowful face that ever artist transferred to the ivory. "Torn asunder in early youth; kept separated by a tissue of falsehood—and now in their middle age—he at the altar, she in the Convent! Can this husband and wife ever meet?"

While Vivia's soul was absorbed in these questions, Father Francis watched by the dead body in the little room at the end of the corridor, and Victor, the footman, waited at the head of the grand staircase to intercept Mrs. Malmaison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING.—No modern writer can excel the following description of Spring, from a very old book, which cannot be read too often:

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a goodly smell."

LORD PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, was born on the 20th of October, 1784, the representative of a family deriving descent, so say the peerage-mongers, from the grand old Saxon Earls of Mercia, and, by-the-bye, from that celebrated Lady Godiva, whose extraordinary equestrian exploit is still annually commemorated with becoming gratitude by the inhabitants of Coventry. Educated at Harrow, at Edinburgh, and at Cambridge; and arriving at years of discretion about the time when the shattered frame of William Pitt was consigned to the Abbey of Westminster, the young Irish peer, in 1806, contested the representation of the University of Cambridge with Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne; and having been quite unsuccessful, was fain to find his way to the Tory benches of the House of Commons, as Member for the "pocket borough" of Bletchingley. He was soon after elected for Newport, in the Isle of Wight; and on the formation of the Duke of Portland's ministry, in 1807, appointed a Lord of the Admiralty. Two years after entering upon official life, he was, on the resignation of Lord Castlereagh, promoted to the post of Secretary-at-War; and he continued to fill that office during the long period when the destinies of the empire were presided over successively by Mr. Perceval, the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington. During that long period, comprising more than two decades of years, Lord Palmerston seems to have been the most docile of subordinates and the most unobtrusive of senators. Indeed, he exercised with great success what Mr. Carlyle describes as the "talent of silence," save when discussing matters relating to his own department. No one, of course, could then have prognosticated that the very humble, and rather servile official, who appeared to have no opinion of his own, whose voice was never heard except when the annual estimates were under discussion, was, as time passed on, to figure as a very important parliamentary personage, any more than that a writer in the "New Whig Guide," and the pupil of Canning, was to become the subordinate of Grey and the colleague of John Russell. It was, however, ordered that it should be so!

About the time when the Wellington Cabinet was constructed, Lord Palmerston gave indications of having some notion that a change was at hand. The elevation to the Premiership of a man of genius, in the person of Mr. Canning, long kept down as a political adventurer, had shaken parties to their centre; and his sudden death left them in a state of disorganization. The uncompromising hostility shown by Peel and Wellington to all reform, made men of spirit cast their eyes to the Opposition ranks, presided over by Earl Grey; and the present Premier, seeing how the wind blew, had little scruple in turning his coat. The event proved that he was wise in his generation, for, when Earl Grey, in 1830, formed a government on the principles of "peace, retrenchment, and reform," Lord Palmerston was installed as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a position, from the peculiar state of Europe at the time, requiring the exercise of much knowledge, firmness, and address.

Having retired for awhile during Sir R. Peel's first and deplorable attempt at administration, Lord Palmerston, on the accession of the Melbourne Ministry, returned to his former post, which events rendered the reverse of a sinecure. The junction of the old Tory party, under Sir R. Peel, with those Canningites and constitutional Whigs who followed Lord Stanley, brought into existence a Parliamentary Opposition, powerful in numbers, influential in following, and formidable, above all, for the ability and genius of its leaders. Vain, though aided by the great O'Connell, was the struggle of the Ministry. The persuasive address of Peel, the vehement eloquence of Stanley, and the conversational oratory of Graham, then in his best days, carried everything before them; and the result of the general election of 1841, was the expulsion of Lord Melbourne from power. The great Peel administration was then formed; and Lord Palmerston, who, by this time, had strengthened his position by marrying Lord Melbourne's sister, the widow of Earl Cowper, went into opposition with his friends. The hopes of the Whig party could not have been very sanguine, for separated from the English Radicals and the Irish Brigade, and the men of Manchester, they formed a mere section in Parliament. On the other hand, the Conservative ministry was one of the most powerful ever seen, and its chief indulged in the anticipation of many years of power. Mr. Disraeli remarks, that the Whigs were then sustained solely by the dignity of Lord John Russell.

At length, the conversion of Sir R. Peel to the fiscal doctrines enforced by the "unadorned eloquence" of Mr. Cobden, falsified all anticipations, and, in November, 1845, the Whigs were called upon to form a government; but the hostility of Earl Grey, who refused to sit in the same cabinet with Lord Palmerston, frustrated their schemes; and it was not till the summer of 1846, that the descendant of Lady Godiva, whom the press designated as "Cupid," and "the juvenile Whig," again grasped the seals of Foreign Office.

Lord Palmerston, soon after this, became the object of vehement attack from various quarters. His intervention in the affairs of Portugal, was the first step that raised a clamor; and when a new Parliament met, Mr. Chisholm Anstey signalised his brief Parliamentary career, or, at all events, acquired notoriety, by a long and elaborate impeachment of the whole foreign policy. Mr. Anstey only got laughed at for his pains; but more formidable adversaries were waiting an opportunity; and in his interference in the affairs of Greece, brought down upon him a host of foes, conspicuous among whom were Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, Sir. J. Graham, and Mr. S. Herbert. Lord Palmerston met their attack with great energy, made his best speech on the occasion, and was so successful, that a banquet was given at the Reform Club to celebrate his triumph. It appears, however, that his personal popularity was the reverse of grateful to his colleagues; and, towards the close of 1851, for acknowledging the present ruler of the French, they dismissed him from office. Lord Palmerston's revenge was speedy. He turned out Lord John Russell in February, 1852, and thus enabled Lord Derby to carry his political associates into Downing Street.

During the existence of the Derby-Disraeli Administration, Lord Palmerston appeared so entirely cut off from the Liberal party, that he was pretty well abused by the press; but when a change occurred, he, after a little parleying, came to terms with the Coalition, and appeared in office as Home Secretary. The retreat of Lord John Russell from the leadership of the House of Commons to the back benches, placed Lord Palmerston in front of the battle; and no sooner did the Earl of Aberdeen fall, than all eyes were turned towards him as the man for the crisis. He formed his Administration amidst alarming difficulties and dangers; and that Administration, whatever may be the future fortunes of its members, has fulfilled its mission of conducting a war with vigor and concluding a peace with dignity.—*London Illustrated News.*

A TENDER-HEARTED KING.—Coconnas, an Italian of rank, having been executed in the reign of Henry III. of France, on suspicion of treason, the King rendered him the following public testimony of his character: "Coconnas was brave enough, but he was one of the wickedest fellows in my realm. I have often heard him boast of having, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, purchased upwards of thirty Huguenots out of the hands of their enemies, merely for the sake of killing them in a more cruel method. He began with making them renounce their religion, and then he tortured them to death by slow degrees." To this eulogium, the tender-hearted Prince added—"I never *liked* Coconnas *thoroughly*, after I knew this story, and am not sorry for the end to which he has brought himself."

PUTTING AN END TO PRINCES AND POMATUM.

There have been knights who, like "special constables," have been created merely "for the nonce," and who have been as ephemeral as the short lived flies so called. This was especially the case with the Knights of the Holy "Ampoule," or anointing oil, used at the coronation of the kings of France. This oil was said to have been brought to St. Remy (Remigius) by a dove, from Heaven, and to have been placed by the great converter of Clovis in his tomb, where it was found by a miraculous process. St. Remy himself never alluded either to the oil or the story connected with it. Four centuries after the saint's death the matter was first spoken of—nay, the oil was boldly distilled by Hinckmar, Archbishop of Rheims.

This archiepiscopal biographer of St. Remy has inserted wonders in the saint's life which staggered, while they amused, the readers who were able to peruse his work by fireside, in castle hall, or convent refectory. I can only allude to one of these wonders—namely, the "Sainte Ampoule." Hinckmar actually asserted when St. Remy was about to consecrate with oil the humbled King Clovis, at his coronation, a dove descended from Heaven and placed in his hands a small phial of holy oil. Hinckmar defied any man to prove the contrary. As he further declared that the phial of oil was still to be found in the saint's sepulchre, and as it was so found, accordingly Hinckmar was allowed to have proved his case. Thenceforward, the chevaliers of the Sainte Ampoule were created for a day—that of the crowning of the sovereign. They had charge of the phial, delivered it to the archbishop, and saw it restored to its repository; and therewith the coronation and their knightly character concluded together.

From that time down to the period of Louis XVI., the knights and the phial formed the most distinguished portion of the coronation procession and doings at the crowning of the Kings of France. Then ensued the Revolution; and as that mighty engine never touched anything without smashing it, you may be sure that the phial of St. Remy hardly escaped destruction. On the 6th of October, 1793, Citizen Rhull entered the modest apartment of Philippe Hourelle, *marguillier* of the Cathedral of Rheims, and without ceremony demanded that surrender should be made to him of the old glass bottle of the *ci devant* Remy. Philippe's wig raised itself with horror; but as Citizen Rhull told him that it would be as easy to lift his head from his shoulders as his wig from his head, if he did not obey, the *marguillier* stammered out an assertion that the reliquary was in the keeping of the cure, M. Seraine, to whom he would make instant application.

"Bring pomatum and all," said Citizen Rhull, who thus profanely misnamed the sacred balm of thickened oil which had anointed the head and loins of so many kings, from Charles the Bald downward.

"May I ask," said Philippe, timidly, "what you will do therewith?"

"Grease *your* neck, that the knife may slip the easier through it, unless you bring it within a decade of minutes."

"Too much honor by half!" exclaimed Philippe. "I will slip to the cure as rapidly as if I slid the whole way on the precious ointment itself. Meanwhile, here is a bottle of Burgundy—"

"Which I shall have finished within the time specified. So, dispatch; and let us have t'other bottle, too!"

When Philippe Hourelle had communicated the request of the cure, Monsieur Seraine, with a quickness of thought that did justice to his imagination, exclaimed,

"We will take the rogues in, and give them a false article for the real one." But the time was no short; there was no second ancient looking phial at hand; there was not a pinch of pomatum nor a spoonful of oil in the house; and the cure confessed, with a sigh, that the genuine relic must needs be surrendered.

"But we can save some of it!" cried M. Seraine. "Here is the phial; give me the consecrating spoon." And with the handle of the spoon, having extracted some small portions, which the cure wrapped up carefully, and rather illegibly labelled, the phial was delivered to Philippe, who surrendered it to Citizen Rhull, who carried the same to the front of the finest cathedral in France, and at the foot of the statue of Louis XV., Citizen Rhull solemnly hammered the phial into powder, and, in the name of the Republic, trod the precious ointment under foot till it was not to be distinguished from the mud with which it was mingled.

"And so do we put an end to princes and pomatum," cried he.

Philippe coughed evasively; smiled as if he was of the same way of thinking with the republican, and exclaimed, very mentally indeed,

"Vivent les princes et la pommade." Neither, he felt assured, was irrevocably destroyed.—*Doran's Knights and their Days.*

INVOLUNTARY DISCLOSURES OF LANGUAGE.—There have been always those who have sought to make light of the hurts which man has inflicted on himself, of the sickness of which he is sick; who would fain persuade themselves and others, that moralists and divines, if they have not quite invented, have enormously exaggerated these. But, are these statements found only in Scripture and in sermons? Are there no mournful corroborations of their truth imprinted deeply upon every region of man's natural and spiritual life, and on none more deeply than on his language? It needs no more than to open a dictionary, and to cast our eye thoughtfully down a few columns, and we shall find abundant confirmation of this sadder and sterner estimate of man's moral and spiritual condition. How else shall we explain this long catalogue of words, having all to do with sin, or with sorrow, or with both? How came they there? We may be quite sure that they were not invented without being needed, that they have a correlative in the world of realities. I open the first letter of the alphabet; what means his "ah," this "alas," these deep and long drawn sighs of humanity, which we at once encounter there? And then presently follow such words as these: "affliction," "agony," "anguish," and twenty more—words you will observe, for the most part, not laid up in the recesses of the language, to be drawn forth and used at rare opportunities—but, occupying, many of them, its foremost ranks. And indeed, as regards abundance, it is a melancholy thing to observe how much richer is every vocabulary in words that set forth sins, than those that set forth graces.

And our dictionaries, while they tell us much, yet will not tell us all. How shamefully rich is the language of the vulgar every where in words which are not allowed to find their way into books, yet which live as a sinful oral tradition on the lips of men, to set forth what is unholy and impure. And of these words, as no less of those which have to do with the kindred sins of revelling and excess, how many set the evil forth with an evident sympathy and approbation, as taking part with the sin against Him who has forbidden it under pain of His extremest displeasure. How much wit, how much talent, yea, how much imagination must have stood in the service of sin, before it could have a nomenclature so rich, so varied, and often so Heaven defying as it has.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

INSANITY.—A gentleman passing along the streets of London not long ago, was suddenly accosted by an entire stranger—"Did you ever thank God that you had never lost your mind?" "Really," replied the gentleman, as soon as he recovered from the surprise which the circumstance excited, "I cannot say that I ever did." "You ought to; for I have lost mine," said the strange interrogator, as he passed rapidly on, and was soon lost in the living tide which ceaselessly flows along the "Strand."

Fresh Meat and Strength—Packing of Fresh Meat for the European Market.

Paris, May 15th.

Among the most remarkable of the numerous dissertations to which the present high price of food in France has given rise, is a paper drawn up by Dr. Londe, member of the Imperial Academy of Medicine of this city. Dr. Londe enters upon his subject by laying it down as a fundamental principle in the philosophy of diet, that the use of fresh meat, daily, is necessary to the health of the working classes, although he admits that persons leading a comparatively idle life may do very well on fish, poultry, and other light forms of nourishment.

In support of his opinion that a liberal supply of meat is indispensable to the vigor of the laborer, he cites the experience (frequently cited on the same subject) of an English company that established some iron works at Charenton, in the neighborhood of this city, in 1825. The labor required in carrying on these works, called for an outlay of physical strength to which the French laborers were utterly unequal, and it was found necessary to discharge them all, and to bring over a band of English laborers in their place. At length, it occurred to the manager that the comparative want of strength of the French workmen might very possibly proceed from the insufficiency of the diet habitual among the working population of this country. He therefore made arrangements for supplying a certain number of them with the same rations of fresh meat as were allowed to the English workmen. Six months after this change of diet, the nimble little Frenchmen were perfectly able to replace their heavier built rivals.

In 1841, the Rouen Railway Company having conceded the making of their line to English engineers, the latter brought over a band of English laborers, who performed one-third more work daily than could be got out of the French laborers. The latter were put upon a meat diet, similar to that of the English workmen, and in a short time were able to accomplish the same amount of labor.

The superior strength of the negroes of Louisiana and Georgia, who eat meat once or twice a day, over the same class in the West Indies, who eat little or none, is cited by Dr. Londe, as an additional proof of the physical strength resulting from the use of a certain proportion of meat in the human diet. Having thus demonstrated the importance of this aliment, and shown that, in France, as in Belgium, the supply of meat is altogether inadequate, in point of quantity, to the necessities of the population, while its price is so high as to place it beyond the reach of the working-classes, Dr. Londe proceeds to examine the various methods which have been proposed with a view to remedying these inconveniences, viz.: the development of the grazing interest in France, the importation of foreign cattle, and the importation of salted meats.

Having passed these methods in review, the doctor concludes, 1st, that the increase of the grazing department, though of the highest importance to the future prosperity of the country, is too slow a process to suffice for the supply of so imminent and pressing a need; 2d, that the cost attendant on the importation of foreign cattle, precludes the possibility of any considerable reduction in the price of meat being effected in this manner; and, 3d, that the habitual use of salted meat is prejudicial to health. He, therefore, urges, as the only means of procuring promptly, and at low cost, the supply of meat required to bring the consumption of this important article of food to a level with the needs of the population, the importation, from American, Australia and Russia, of large quantities of meat carefully prepared and preserved in the manner so successfully practised by the Company of Conservation in Algeria, by which means all the markets of Europe might be supplied with an abundance of the finest and most healthy meat, as fresh and succulent as when first slaughtered, and at a vastly lower figure than could be afforded by the French grazier or importer.

Dr. Londe, who was one of some thirty individuals—chemists, physicians, butchers, and cooks—invited by the Society of Conservation to be present on the 23th of last January, at the opening of a quantity of their preserved meats, prepared several months before at Constantine, Tangiers, and other points of Algeria, declares that the legs of mutton, joints of beef, &c., opened by him and his colleagues, on this occasion, and examined, cooked and eaten by them on the spot, were precisely similar, in point of appearance, texture, odor, and taste, to the same meat when brought fresh from the butchers.

The process of preserving, as practised by the Society in question, is exquisitely simple.

The animal having been killed and cut up as usual, the bones and tendons are taken out from the various joints; the meat, thus prepared, is carried to the preserving room, where a brick furnace, heated by coal, is surmounted by a vast boiler full of water at boiling point. In this boiler stands in earthen vessel full of gelatine, which is kept, by the action of the boiler water in which it is placed, at a temperature of 80 degrees Reaumur. Each piece of meat, attached to a wire, is plunged into the gelatine, and left in it for the space of six minutes, when it is withdrawn, and immediately hung by the wire to the rafters of a great drying shed, contiguous to the kitchen. After banging here for two days, to dry, the pieces of meat thus coated with gelatine are taken down and plunged for a few seconds into a solution of tannin, (about 20 grains to a gallon of water,) and are then hung up again as before. At the end of from twenty to twenty-five days the gelatine is dry, and the joints thus "encrobed," are ready for storage or for transportation.

The packing of meat thus prepared requires care; for, should it be exposed to friction against a rough surface, nails, or anything capable of tearing the coating of gelatine in which each piece is encrobed, the access thus afforded to the air would cause the meat to spoil in the course of a few days. In order to avoid this danger, the Director of the Company has ordered the meat thus prepared to be packed between thick layers of two small species of rushes, (the *carex* and the *alpha*,) indigenous to the country; which rushes, not only guarantee the pieces of meat most effectually against friction, but furnish a cheap and excellent stuffing for under mattrasses, on their arrival in France.

Dr. Londe states that he opened a mutton chop, encased at Grenelle, near Paris, on the first of February, 1855, in presence of Professor Paggiale, and sent to him by that distinguished chemist. This chop, opened and cooked March 24th, 1856, by the learned doctor, was found to be, in all respects, as savory, succulent and nutritious as freshly killed meat. "It is to be observed," remarks Dr. Londe, "that the gelatinous envelope of this chop had not undergone the slightest abrasion or alteration. The same fact is to be observed with regard to a leg of mutton and several other pieces of mutton and beef which I have had hanging for upwards of a year in a room in my house, where a fire is kept up every day, and which, examined a short time ago by myself, in company with M. Figuier, of the *Presse*, proved to be in a state of the most perfect preservation. The success of the new method of preparation, therefore, appears to us complete; and it only remains to multiply establishments of conservation on those points of the globe where meat is obtainable at a low price, in order to secure an abundant supply of this article for food for consumption on those where it is deficient. And such an enterprise, though set on foot upon a purely industrial basis, and with a view merely to the realization of pecuniary profit for its founders, would be none the less a most important agent in ameliorating the physical and social condition of the laboring classes, which constitute so large a portion of the human family.

The certainty of profit resulting from such a speculation, might render this simple and effectual method of turning to account the superabundant animal riches of the New World, not unworthy of the attention of enterprising capitalists on your side of the water.

The recent discovery of M. Lalemcot, a dentist of this city, of a method of rendering gelatine at once elastic and unputrescible by melting with it its own weight of glycerine, and boiling the mixture in a vessel placed in a boiler full of water until the air is entirely expelled, will probably be found useful in the preparation of meat, as just prescribed; the putrescibility of the gelatine—itself entirely an animal substance—having excited some doubt as to its adaptability to this mode of conservation.

The curious substance produced by M. Lalement being poured into moulds, or formed into cakes upon a marble slab, is well adapted for printing and galvanoplastic purposes; also for the production of statuettes and other objects in relief; for the preservation of the natural teeth, employed by dentists, which are apt to become brittle when preserved in spirits of wine, bran, or linseed meal; also for the manufacture of artificial anatomical preparations, imitating exactly the color and elasticity of the various muscles, tendons, &c., of the human body.—*North Amer.*

Testimonials to Brooks from South Carolina.—The Columbia (S. C.) Columbian has the following notice of the way Preston S. Brooks is sustained at home:

We were not mistaken in asserting, on Saturday last, that the Hon. Preston S. Brooks had not only the approval, but the hearty congratulations of the people of South Carolina for his summary chastisement of the Abolitionist Sumner.

Immediately upon the reception of the news on Saturday last, a most enthusiastic meeting was convened in the town of Newberry, at which General Williams, the Intendant, presided. Complimentary resolutions were introduced by Gen. A. C. Garlington, and ardent speeches made by him, Col. S. Fair, Major Henry Summer, and others. The meeting voted him a handsome gold-headed cane, which we saw yesterday, on its way to Washington, entrusted to the care of Hon. R. F. Simpson. At Anderson, the same evening, a meeting was called, and complimentary resolutions adopted. We heard one of Carolina's truest and most honored matrons from Mr. Brooks's district, send a message to him by Major Simpson, saying, "that the ladies of the South would send him hickory sticks, with which to chastise Abolitionists and Red Republicans, whenever he wanted them."

Here in Columbia, a handsome sum, headed by the Governor of the State, has been subscribed for the purpose of presenting Mr. Brooks with a splendid silver pitcher, goblet, and stick, which will be conveyed to him in a few days by the hands of a gentleman delegated for that purpose. In Charleston similar testimonials have been ordered by the friends of Mr. Brooks.

And, to add to the crowning glory of the good work, the slaves of Columbia have already made a handsome subscription, and will present an appropriate token of their regard to him who has made the first practical issue, for their preservation and protection in their rights and enjoyments as the happiest laborers on the face of the globe.

Meetings of approval and sanction will be held not only in Mr. Brooks's district, but throughout the State at large, and a general and hearty response of approval will re-echo the words, "Well done," from Washington to the Rio Grande.

The Crops.—Throughout the heavy grain States of the North-West, the wheat crop is uniformly represented as in a most promising condition. Toward the South-West, where the crop had more nearly approached maturity, serious apprehensions were beginning to be felt, on account of threatened drought, but the late rains have been very copious; in some cases inflicting serious injury from their abundance. In Virginia the chinch bug is doing some mischief. In South Carolina the rice and corn crops are good. North Carolina wheat, not favorable. In Georgia wheat looks well, and fruit plenty. Florida, the yield of breadstuffs will largely exceed any former year. Alabama, the cotton crop is unfavorable. Mississippi, cotton and corn much better than last year. The accounts respecting the crops in Louisiana are conflicting; some papers speak of the cut worm as destroying both cotton and corn, but more frequently the cotton is described as very promising. In Texas, the ravages of the grasshopper are much complained of. In Ohio, grass and wheat never stood better, and a great breadth of wheat sown throughout the State. Corn is considered a failure. The wheat crop of Tennessee is suffering from the ravages of the fly, but with this exception appears well. Michigan appears to have suffered from the severity of the winter more than any other State, the wheat having been killed wherever it was unprotected by the snow. This injury, however, is not supposed to extend to more than one-eighth of the crop. In Indiana, crops very promising, no injury in any quarter. In Illinois, the winter wheat is reported as looking remarkably well, and farmers are now putting in the largest crop of spring wheat yet seen in that State. Of Missouri, the St. Joseph Gazette says, "The growing crop of wheat is the most promising that has ever been seen in that country." In New York, while there is much variation in the appearance of the crops, some of the roots having been winter killed, both grain and grass promise a full average yield. Corn planting is still progressing. The breadth of barley sown is believed to be quite large, in proportion to other crops, on account of the increased manufacture of malt liquors. It is expected that apples and peaches will be produced abundantly. In Pennsylvania, the general accounts are that there is a present prospect of large crops. The season is backward, but that is said to be very favorable to the wheat, which was sown in immense quantities last fall. The peach crop is considered a total failure; but apples promise abundance. New Jersey, crops favorable. In New England, the season is backward, and any opinion yet formed as to the fate of the crops is liable to mistake. On the whole, the prospects are regarded as favorable.

From the Isthmus.—The particulars of the accident at the Panama Railroad show thirty were killed and forty-seven wounded. There have been four additional deaths since the accident. The following is a list of the killed:

Daniel Stuyvesant, John North, J. Banker, H. Cowley and son, Thomas Holliway, N. Eide, C. Harvey, Thomas Moses Walton, S. H. Hoffman, A. Pesther, M. Ead, J. T. Krauer, Robt. Cheesboro, Geo. Zindell, Julia Cronan, Mrs. Thomas Crowley, Mrs. Dennis Crowley, Mrs. J. Bulger.

The following were from Cornwall, England:

John Blight, John James Gale, Ryan Johns, J. Richard Johns, Thomas James, Benj. Archer, Thos. Ford.

The following were from Kingston, Jamaica:

Henry Alvarenga and J. Ross Dalhousie.

List of Wounded.—Adrastus Cook, Prussia; J. Babcock, Mass.; J. Brook, Alden, New York; Barney McRamsey, Ireland; P. Alson, Norway; Francis Hughes, Tenn.; T. F. Colson, U. S.; James Green, (colored) U. S.; Samuel Jenkins, Cornwall, Eng.; Thos. Harraday, Canada; Martin James, U. S.; Abijah Hammet, Mass.; Fayette Gilson, Ill.; James Green, Baltimore; Frank Sterling, Poland; Nelson Eusign, Ills; Michael H. Reeves, Cape; James C. King, Sandusky, Ohio; Wm. Langdon, Cornwall, Eng.; Peter K. Austin, Byron, Me.; John Murphy, Ireland; Wm. V. Castor, Pittston, Me.; S. Ghozelier, France; C. F. Barnes, Ind.; Thomas Nash, Buffalo; Daniel S. Boon, Jefferson Co., N. Y.; R. P. Lewis, Boonville, Ia.; T. F. Denny, Boonville, Ia.; J. Lenahan, Ga.; John Crane, N. Y.; Jas. Jackson, Baltimore; Robt. Walters, Ohio; Peter Vanderbeck, Providence; A. Collinson, do.; Comfort Exley, Cornwall, Eng.; Solomon Manley, do.; C. Forbes, Boston; Mrs. Linguist, do.; F. Burmerster, Phila.; W. L. Carpenter, Newport; Mrs. Silas Baker, Nova Scotia; Harriet Hinton, Ia.; Francis Pester, Wis.; infant of Mrs. Baker.

Some eight or ten other wounded passengers went to Panama to take the steamer for San Francisco.

Paper Manufactured from Wood.—A public demonstration of the very interesting process of Messrs. Watt & Burgess, the patentees for the manufacture of pulp from wood fibre took place at the temporary works. Among those present were Lord Stanley, Sir Henry Webb, two of Lord Palmerston's Secretaries, and several papermakers and publishers. Messrs. Watt & Burgess have been engaged for more than a year and a-half in experiments for the conversion of wood fibre into pulp, the difficulty to overcome being, to insure a constant supply of pure white pulp. At length, by a clear, intelligible process, wood fibre, after being boiled and washed, is, in a few minutes, converted into white pulp, capable of being instantly transformed into excellent paper. The wood is first boiled in caustic soda ley, and washed free from alkali; it is then subjected to the action of chlorine, or an oxygenated compound of chlorine, and again washed to remove the hydrochloric acid. The wood is again treated with caustic soda ley, when it becomes immediately reduced to pulp. The pulp is now well washed and bleached, and is then ready to be manufactured into paper. Paper that would cost £24 per ton, if made from the material and by the process described, would cost £40 manufactured from rags, while the latter supply is variable and interrupted, and wholly inadequate to the demand. Any kind of wood can be reduced, though certain kinds are better adapted. The patentees exhibited samples of the paper, some of which had been printed upon in lithograph and letter-press.—*London Paper.*

A Warning to Office Seekers.—Elias Workman, of Holmes County, Ohio, was elected Assessor of his township, and gave a heavy bond, but distrusting his abilities for the office, to avoid the mortification of being laughed at, he got up at four o'clock on Sunday morning, and hanged himself with his bridle. Let those who are now seeking the perilous position of office take warning.

POLITICAL NEWS.

New York.—The Republican State Convention met at Syracuse on the 28th ult., Richard Halbert, of Oneida, was chosen President, the delegates at large were announced as follows:—Messrs. H. Grinnell, Robert Emmet, Charles Cook, D. C. Littlejohn, Phillip Coreghemen, Preston King. Three delegates were also appointed from each Congressional district.

Resolutions were adopted declaring New York immovably committed to the policy of the Slavery restriction, sympathising with the Kansas settlers, denouncing the outrages of the Slave power, recommending that subscription be made for the support of the orphans of those killed by the Border Ruffians, strongly denouncing the brutal attack on Senator Sumner, calling on the Soft Shells to live up to the platform of last year against the exclusion of slavery, and demanding that the Government redress the outrages perpetrated on Kansas by the Missourians. Supplementary resolutions were adopted condemnatory of the action of the House in relation to Mr. Herbert of California, and denunciatory of Rusk's attack on Greeley.

The Convention of Radical Abolitionists met at the same place on the 29th and nominated Gerrit Smith for President, and Samuel McFarland, of Pennsylvania, for Vice President, after which the body adjourned *sine die*.

An anti-Fillmore American State Convention assembled in Albany, N. Y., on Thursday week. The Convention that nominated Fillmore and Donelson was denounced as prostituted to slavery. Strong anti-slavery resolutions were adopted, and delegates elected to the National Convention to meet in New York on the 12th of June. George Law is a delegate.

Rhode Island.—The General Assembly met at Newport on the 27th. Benj. Thurston was unanimously chosen Speaker of the House, Nicholas Brown Lieutenant Governor, and Samuel A. Parker General Treasurer.

Vermont.—The Know Nothing State Council met at Montpelier on the 28th for the annual session. The proceedings were harmonious. Ryland Fletcher was nominated for Governor, and James M. Slade for Lieutenant Governor.

Resolutions were adopted denouncing the administration, and proposing to unite with the Republicans in the Congressional and Presidential elections. The assault on Senator Sumner was referred to in strong terms, and the House of Representatives was called upon to expel Mr. Brooks.

Ohio.—The Republican State Convention met at Columbus on May 30th. Messrs. Spooner, Paul, Stone, Denison, Spaulding, and Eckley, were elected delegates to the Philadelphia Republican Convention. The three first names are Chase men, and the others favorable to Fremont.

Resolutions were adopted condemning the Sumner assault, advocating the immediate admission of Kansas with the Topeka Constitution, and declaring that Congress has the power to prohibit slavery in the Territories. A vote of thanks was passed to Senator Wade for his recent course in the Sumner affair, and to L. D. Campbell for his resolutions, offered in the House, relative to the same.

Illinois.—Col. Archer, the American candidate, has declined the nomination for Governor. The pro-slavery Americans have nearly to a man abandoned their organization, and declared for Richardson and Hamilton. Col. Archer thinks it is useless under these circumstances to remain longer in the field. He says, in substance, "that as the slavery extensionists are uniting to a man, without reference to their old political organizations, it would be worse than folly for those who are opposed to the further spread of the institution not to lay aside differences of opinion on other subjects, and act in concert too." There will be but one issue, and two tickets before the people of Illinois at the approaching election.

From Deseret.—The Constitution of the State of Deseret was ratified by the people in Convention, held at Salt Lake City on the 6th of April. It is exceedingly brief, and contains nothing about slavery. It announces free toleration to all religions. A memorial was adopted, asking admission into the Union, and two delegates were appointed to present it to Congress.

Indignation Meetings.—The Sumner case, in connection with the late proceedings at Lawrence, is breaking down party lines to a considerable extent all through the Northern States. Very large and excited meetings, attended by all parties, have been held at New York, Brooklyn, Syracuse, New Haven, Cambridge, Honesdale (Pa.,) &c. The call for the meeting at Cambridge was signed by Joel Parker, Theophilus Parsons, Jared Sparks, Professor Felton, Henry W. Longfellow, (the poet,) R. H. Dana, and others. The meeting at New Haven appointed a committee to call a State Convention of young men to furnish aid and protection to the members of the Connecticut Colony in Kansas. Another meeting has been called in Roston, with the design of raising $100,000 for the aid of the Kansas Free State men.

Divorce for Voluntary Absence.—In Cincinnati, Ohio, on Thursday, J. P. Kalanza, who was Kossuth's aid-de-camp in the Hungarian army, obtained a divorce from his wife Kara, on the ground of wilful absence for three years. She is in Europe, and refuses to join her husband in this country.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, June 2nd, 1856

The operations of the past week as is usually the case at this season of the year have been of a limited character generally in Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Straw Goods business is confined to the wants of the city trade and an occasional Western order, but there is no material variation to note in any of the leading articles of either. The late foreign news has depressed the market for Breadstuffs, and prices have ruled irregular and in favor of buyers. Rice continues in request and sales at fully former rates. Coal is more active, but the scarcity of vessels checks the shipping demand. Cotton has been very dull under the news from abroad. Iron remains quiet. In Groceries there is more doing, and Sugar and Molasses are bringing better prices. Coffee is also firmer. The Provision market has been rather quiet, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers. Hemp and Hides are dull. Leather—No change. Lumber is moving at more freely. Naval Stores and Oils remain inactive. Plaster has declined. Rice continues in request at a further advance. Seeds—No change in prices or demand. Wool is about stationary, with moderate sales, and Whiskey is selling slowly at quotations. In other articles there are no important changes to note since the close of last week.

ASHES—The market is rather firmer for both kinds, but prices show little or no change without any variation.

BARK—Further sales of about 150 hhds Quercitron have been made on arrival at $25 for first No 1, at which rate it continues scarce and in request. Very little Tanners' Bark arrived, and $18@19 has been paid for light Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—About 2½ hhds of fine Yellow have been disposed of on terms not public, including 1,000 lbs dark at 28 cts.

COAL—Orders are coming in more freely, but the scarcity of vessels and high rates of freight limits operations. Cargo prices range at $4 for White, and $4.25 for Red Ash Schuylkill Coal at Richmond. Allegheny Coal is scarce, the last sales were at 2½c to the bu.

The Anthracite Coal trade shows a handsome advance on the tonnage reported last week by the three principal lines:

	Last week.	This week.	Season.
Lehigh Canal	18,124	23,515	158,079
Schuylk Ill Canal	35,763	39,994	248,462
Reading Railroad	48,572	48,133	794,549
Total tons	101,819	123,381	1,201,090

By this exhibit it will be seen that the Reading Railroad is now but 128,154 behind its tonnage to the same time last year—and the Schuylkill Navigation 88,524 tons. This, it is believed, will be gradually overcome in the course of a few months.

CANDLES—Sperm and Adamantine are firm with a fair business doing in the way of retail quotations; the former are scarce. Tallow Candles continue dull.

COFFEE—The market opened with a better feeling on the part of buyers, but the advance asked by holders has not been realized, and the market closes heavy, with sales of 1,000 bags Rio, in lots, at 10½@10¾c for Mixed, and 10¾@10¾c for Prime, as to quality, including some of very superior quality at a private sale not public. Rye has also improved, and about 15,000 bush Western and Pennsylvania have been taken in lots, mostly at 75c in store, and 76 afloat. Corn has been in steady request, without change in price, and some 55,000 bush have been taken at 50c for good Southern Yellow, including some prime at 50½c; White at 51c; Pennsylvania Yellow at 52 afloat, Shelled in store and in vessel lots to some extent, at 51@52c, according to condition. Oats—The receipts and sales have been moderate, and prices about the same; sales of about 15,000 bush are reported, at 39@39½c for good Delaware, and 34c for Pennsylvania, afloat; some inferior lots were disposed of at less rates.

GUANO—The stock is light, and the market, as usual at this season, is inactive, but there is no change in quotations.

GINSENG—The receipts and sales of Crude continue limited, prices about the same.

HEMP—Remains dull, and but little stock in first hands, and quotations show no alteration.

HIDES—The market has been dull and unsettled, the stock is light, but buyers are looking off. Some of the dealers have been pressing for a neighboring market, at lower figures.

HOP—Continues dull, with a small business doing, at 7@10c ₰ lb.

IRON—The foreign news continues favorable for this staple, but the market remains very quiet; sales being limited to small lots from store within the range of quotations. Holders are firm in their demands, with reduced stocks to sell; the demand, however, is limited. Scotch Pig there has been more doing, and about 450 tons various brands, all that was offered of the recent imports, have been disposed of on private terms; the remainder has gone into store for higher prices.

LEAD—The market continues quiet, with a small business only reported in Foreign, at about $6.80 the 100 lbs.

LEATHER—The stock is light, and prices steady, with a fair business doing in most kinds.

LUMBER—The receipts and sales of White Pine Boards have been very large during the week, prices ranging at $15 for Length, and Shaving for Sonquehanna. Yellow Sap Boards are selling at $12@13. Hemlock is moving off at $9.25@9.50. Of Laths, sales are making in lots at $1.50. Cypress Shingles to some extent have been sold at $15 for two feet, and $12@13 for long ₰ M.

MOLASSES—New Orleans continues scarce and in request, at 35@36c for prime lots. Foreign is in good demand, and most of the recent arrivals about 300 hhds Cuba have been disposed of at full rates; 240 has been offered for a cargo of prime clayed Cuba to arrive.

NAVAL STORES—The market remains inactive, and Spirits Turpentine is rather lower; sales resting at 38@42c; and by retail at 43c per gallon. About 1,000 bbls Rosin have been taken in lots at $1.70@1.75, and $1.80 for common to low grade No 1. Nothing doing in Tar and Pitch worthy of notice.

OILS—The market for Sperm and Whale continues quiet, and prices rule about the same. Lard Oil is firm with moderate sales at 65c@, the latter for winter. Linseed is steady with a fair business doing at 84@85c. Red Oil is scarce and wanted at about 9½c gallon.

PLASTER—Has declined considerably, and cannot now be quoted over $2.75@3 ₰ ton.

PROVISIONS—The stock of barrelled Meats is light, with a very small business to note. Mess Pork is held at $18 and City Mess Beef at $17@17½ ₰ bbl. Western Mess is quoted at $12@13, but a sale of 50 bbls is reported at rather less. Of Bacon, further sales of 200 casks plain bagged Hams have been made at 11@11c, cash and time, to go out of the market. Prices range at 10@11c, as to quality, the latter for fancy cured. Shoulders have been selling in lots at 6@6½c; Sides are held at 9@10c, and a sale of 200 casks Western smoked is reported to go South, at the latter figure. Green Meats are firm, with moderate receipts and sales, at 8½@9c for Hams, 7½@8c for Shoulders, and 8@9c for Sides, as to quality. A sale of 50 casks was made at the latter rate, 60 days. Lard continues scarce; sales of tubs and tierces are making in lots at 10@11c, the latter for prime, and 800 kegs at 12c, short time. Butter and Cheese remain dull, with a small business only to notice, at about previous quotations.

RICE—The market has been very active at a further advance, and some 800 casks have changed hands embracing all in first hands, at 6@6c, mostly 4 mos ₰ lb. Cash and time.

SALT—All the recent imports, some 4,000 sacks, ground and fine, the latter Ashton's, have been disposed of on arrival, at a price not public.

SEEDS—Remain very inactive, there is but little Clover or Timothy seed offering or selling, and the market is pretty much at a stand, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, the former is quoted at $6.50, and the latter at $6.75@7 ₰ bush. Flaxseed is also quiet at $1.85@1.75 for Domestic.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in foreign, and quotations are unchanged. N E Rum sells as wanted at 42@44c—the latter for pure. Whiskey is rather more plenty, and the demand is less active, prices ranging at 27@27½c for hhds, and 28@28c for bbls, the latter for prime packages.

SUGARS—There has been a steady demand during the week, both from the trade and for refining, at fully former rates, and prices at the close are to better, about 1,000 hhds have changed hands, including Cuba and Porto Rico, at from 6½ to 8½c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW—Sells slowly at previous rates. We quote city rendered at 10½c ₰ lb, at which price about 10,000 lbs have been sold.

TEAS—Are without alteration in price or demand, with about the usual business to notice.

TOBACCO—The stock of Leaf is unusually light for the season, and transactions are limited. Manufactured remains quiet, and prices the same.

WINES—Continue scarce and high, with small sales.

WOOL—The market is quiet, but without any particular alteration to notice in prices. Some 30,000 lbs fine Ohio have been taken to go East, mostly three-quarters and full blood, at from 48 to 52c, usual time.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

About 325 head of Beef Cattle were received at Strickland's Drove Yard during the week, part from Lancaster county, and of extra quality, which brought $11½, the range of prices being from $9@11½, but few bringing more than $10½ the 100 lbs. The market for Beeves generally was active, and all in market were disposed of, prices, except for common qualities, being well supported.

The receipts at the Bull's Head reached nearly 1,600 head of Beef Cattle, part from Chester, Lancaster, and Franklin counties, including 160 from Baltimore, and about 350 head from Ohio and the West, via. Pennsylvania Railroad. The qualities were mostly mixed, prices ranging at from $6.50@10.50, good averaging about $10 the 100 lbs.

Of Cows and Calves, some 250 were offered at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue. Demand fair, prices ranging at from $30@45 for Cows and Calves; $20@35 for Springers, and $5@25 for Dry Cows. Veals sell at 4@5c ₰ lb.

Of Hogs, the arrival at Singer's Union Drove Yard were 2,800 for the week, of which free sales have been making at from $7@7.75 the 100 lbs; 150 head of Beef Cattle, and about 100 horses, were also received here, the former from Lancaster county, and very fine.

Of Sheep and Lambs, some 4,500 were in market. Demand moderate—prices ranging at from $2.50@5 for the former, and from $2.50@4 for the latter, according to condition.

The following is a recapitulation of the receipts of the week, and where from:

	Beeves.
Pennsylvania,	515
Ohio,	310
Western,	190
Virginia,	115
Baltimore,	160
Total,	1,290
Cows and Calves,	250
Hogs,	2,800
Sheep and Lambs,	4,500

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

TOTAL RECEIPTS.

Beeves	3,291	Swine	1,000
Veals	1,062	Milch Cows	245
Sheep and Lambs	1,402		

BEEVES.

Our market has not exhibited any marked change from last week—though there are some points of difference which have prevented an entire uniformity of features.

As formerly the west trade furnished our stock—Ohio and Illinois have equally contributed, and both together have grown over two-thirds of the entire supply. Up to the close the demand was good, and prices sustained at the advance. Some classes an advance of 1@c, and this we think is a fair estimate of the improvement. The quality is not so uniform; there are a few better stocks and more of the poorer class, but the average will hardly come up to the standard of the last Wednesday quotations.

Our quotations for best Cattle show in advance; that must be considered an extreme figure for extra quality—only very few sales reached 10½c, and the average was 9¾@10c.

We quote prices as follows:

Best Cattle	10@11	Common quality	8@8½
Good quality	9@9½	Inferior quality	7@8

[Sections of country from whence brought.]

New York	197	Virginia	00
Ohio,	1,192	Connecticut	00
Illinois	1,126	Kentucky	00
Pennsylvania	41	Iowa	00
Indiana	144		

[By whom Received.]

A. M. Allerton,	2,600	Browning,	350
O'Brien,	102	Chamberlain,	112
Total,			3,229
Received last week,			3,306

VEAL CALVES.

There are less offering, and prices are not changed; nearly all have been sold at 6@c. The stock is mostly inferior. The "kitten" species are abundant.

RECEIPTS.

At Allerton's	337	At Browning's	50
O'Brien's	35	Chamberlain's	72
Total			1,093
Received last week			1,568

MILCH COWS.

There are a few less on sale; but the high prices, which we learn are above the rates in the country, have prevented a more lively demand—sales at $70@80.

RECEIPTS.

At Allerton's	32	At Browning's	66
O'Brien's	94	Chamberlain's	85
Total			243
Received last week			291

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

A decrease in the supply is noticeable by reference to our table, and with an improved inquiry several shillings advance has been secured.

At Browning's only 20 head were left over. Of his supply, 90 were Lambs from New Jersey, the balance Sheep, from this State and Ohio.

RECEIPTS.

At Allerton's	163
At Browning's	1,920
At Chamberlain's	2,250
Total	4,402
Received last week	5,045

SWINE.

There is still a light supply, and prices have further advanced. Allerton reports 5½ head, received, and sold at 6½c = $6.44 gross. We quote prices: fat, at 7@8½c, with a good demand.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1,100 Cattle—Beeves 1,000, Stores 60, Sheep and Lambs 1,200 and Swine 3,700.

Prices—Market Beef, extra $9; first quality, $8.50@8.75; second do, $8.25; third do, $8. Barreling Cattle, none.

Working Oxen—No sales noticed.

Milch Cows—$35@38, a small decline.

Veal Calves—Plenty and good quality; $3. 4@7.

Yearlings none; two years old none; three years old $35, 38, 40@45.

Hides—7c per lb.

Calf Skins—12c per lb.

Tallow 7c; rough, 7c ₰ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—By lot, $4, 5@8; selections, $6, 10@12 ₰ head.

Swine—Wholesale, sows, 7@8c, barrows 8c; retail 8@9c; fat hogs, undressed, 8@9c; large lean, 6@7c.

Remarks—A small supply of Beef at market this week, and sales quick at quotations.

Number of cars over the different roads—Western 190, Fitchburg 60, and Lowell 20, loaded with Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

Beef Cattle—There were 800 head offered at the scales, of which number 600 were sold to city butchers and packers, and 200 driven off. Some 500 head arrived, which were not offered. Prices ranged from $@8½ on the hoof, equal to $@11½ net, averaging $7.87 gross. The above figures show a slight decline.

Hogs—The market is a little better than last week. We quote at $7@7.50, at which price sales are making almost as fast as received.

Sheep—The market is about the same as last week. We note sales at 6@6c ₰ lb gross.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL, No. 77 Dock Street.

Meats.		Halibut ₰ lb	7 a 8
Beef—Roast, Prime		Fresh Codfish ₰ lb	4 a 6
Cuts, ₰ lb	15 a 20	Perch ₰ bunch	12½ a 25
Sirloin Steaks ₰ lb	15 a 20	Flounders ₰ lb	10 a 12½
Rump do ₰ lb	14 a 20	Eels ₰ bunch	10 a 12½
Corned Beef, Rump, ₰ lb	10 a 13	Salt Mackerel each	12½ a 15
Smoked do do ₰ lb	12 a 15	Blackfish ₰ lb	8 a 10
Beef Tongues each	50 a 75	Terrapins ₰ doz	$3.00@5.00
Mutton ₰ lb	10 a 12½	Green Turtle ₰ lb	12½ a 15
Lamb ₰ quarter	$1.25@1.50	Snappers ₰ lb	5 a 8
Veal ₰ qr ₰ lb	12½ a 16	Rockfish ₰ lb	10 a 12
Do Cutlets ₰ lb	12½ a 14	Shellfish—Oysters ₰ thousand	$7.00@18.00
Pork—Fresh ₰ lb	8 a 10	Clams ₰ thous	$2.00@3.00
Salt ₰ lb	8 a 10	Lobsters ₰ lb	8 a 10
Hams ₰ lb	10 a 12	Crabs, Hard, ₰ doz	25 a 37½
Young Pigs each (scarce)	$1.50@2.00	Soft Crabs	1.25@1.37
Sausage ₰ lb	12½	Vegetables.	
Lard ₰ lb	10 a 12½	Green Peas ₰ basket	37½@50
Tripe ₰ lb	5	Potatoes, white ₰ bus	60 a 70
Poultry and Game.		Sweet ₰ bus	$1.00@1.12½
Spring Chickens ₰ pair	75@1.00	Turnips ₰ basket	31 a 37
Chickens ₰ pair old	$1.00@1.50	Celery ₰ bunch (scarce)	15 a 25
Ducks, Tame, (scarce)	$1.25@1.50	Parsnips ₰ basket	31 a 37
Capons none		Salad, very fine, each	2 a 4
Squab Pigeons ₰ pair	31 a 37	Young onions ₰ bunch	1
Turkeys (scarce)	$1.75@2.50	Spinach ₰ quart	6 a 10
English Snipe ₰ pair (Scarce)	50 a 62	Lima Beans ₰ qt	12½ a 15
Miscellaneous.		Carrots ₰ bunch	3 a 6
Grass Butter, prime, ₰ lb	20 a 25	Beets ₰ bunch	10 a 12½
Common do ₰ lb	18 a 25	Oyster Plants ₰ bunch	12½ a 12½
Roll do ₰ lb	18 a 25	Cabbage ₰ head	2 a 4
Eggs ₰ doz	15 a 16	Tomatoes ₰ box, Bermuda	$1.00@1.50
Sweetcorne ₰ cake	3 a 5	Fruit—Apples, prime, ₰ bbl	$3.00@3.50
Fish.		Cranberries do do	$14.00@16.00
Catfish ₰ bunch	12½ a 12½	Strawberries, ₰ quart	31 a 37
Shad each	15 a 50	Rhubarb ₰ bunch	3 a 10
Fresh Salmon (scarce) ₰ lb	$1.00@1.25	Gooseberries, ₰ qt	8 a 10
		Wine Currants	8 a 12½
		Cherries	8 a 12

Vegetables and Fruits are more abundant, and prices are tending downward. Meats and Poultry continue in good supply without much change. Fish are more plenty, and Butter is rather lower.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

| |

THE BROOKS OUTRAGE.

The House Committee of Investigation waited on Mr. Sumner on the 26th inst. The Committee found him in bed, very weak, and unable to sit up. In this condition he gave his testimony in regard to the assault.

The following is his statement, made under oath:—

I attended the Senate, as usual, on Thursday, the 22d of May, and, after some formal business, a message was received from the House of Representatives, announcing the death of a member of that body from Missouri. This was followed by a brief tribute to the deceased from Mr. Geyer, of Missouri, when, according to usage, and out of respect to the memory of the deceased, on motion of Mr. Geyer, the Senate adjourned.

Instead of leaving the Chamber with the rest on the adjournment, I continued in my seat, occupied with my pen. While thus intent, in order to be in season for the mail which was soon to close, I was approached by several persons who desired to converse with me, but I answered them promptly and briefly; excusing myself for the reason that I was much engaged. When the last of these persons left me, I drew my arm chair close to my desk, and with my legs under the desk continued writing. My attention at this time was so entirely drawn from all other objects that although there must have been many persons in the Senate I saw nobody. While thus intent, with my head bent over my writing, I was addressed by a person who approached the front of my desk, so entirely unobserved that I was not aware of his presence until my name was pronounced. As I looked up, with my pen in hand, I saw a tall man, with whose countenance I was not familiar, standing directly over me, and at the same moment I caught these words: "I have read your speech twice over carefully. It is a libel on South Carolina and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine." While these words were still passing from his lips, he commenced a succession of blows with a heavy cane on my bare head, by the first of which I was so stunned as to lose my sight. I no longer saw my assailant, nor any other person or object in the room. What I did afterwards was done almost unconsciously, acting under the instincts of self-defence. With my head already bent down, I rose from my seat, wrenching up my desk, which was screwed to the floor, and then pressing forward, while my assailant continued his blows. I have no other consciousness until I found myself ten feet forward in front of my desk, lying on the floor of the Senate with my bleeding head supported on the knee of a gentleman whom I soon recognized by voice and manner as Mr. Morgan of New York. Other persons there were about me offering me friendly assistance, but I did not recognize any of them. Others there were at a distance looking on and offering no assistance, of whom I recognized only Mr. Douglas, of Ill., Mr. Toombs, of Ga., and I thought also my assailant standing between them. I was helped from the floor and conducted into the lobby of the Senate, where I was placed upon a sofa. Of those who helped me here, I have no recollection. As I entered the lobby, I recognized Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, who retreated, but I recognized no one else, until I felt a friendly grasp of the hand, which seemed to come from Mr. Campbell, of Ohio. I have a vague impression that Mr. Bright, the President of the Senate, spoke to me while on the floor of the Senate, or in the lobby.

I make this statement in answer to the interrogatory of the committee, and offer it as presenting completely all my recollections of the assault and of the attending circumstances, whether immediately before or immediately after. I desire to add, that besides the words which I have given as uttered by my assailant, I have an indistinct recollection of the words "old man;" but these are so enveloped in the mist which ensued from the first blow, that I am not sure whether they were uttered or not.

On cross-examination, Mr. Sumner stated that he was entirely without arms of any kind, and that he had no notice or warning of any kind, direct or indirect of this assault.

In answer to another question, Mr. Sumner replied that what he had said of Mr. Butler was strictly responsive to Mr. Butler's speeches, according to the usages of parliamentary debate.

The Washington *Union* gives the testimony of two witnesses, both friends of Brooks. It will be seen that their testimony substantiates the statement made by Mr. Sumner. The first witness is Col. Nicholson. He says he sat talking to Brooks just as the latter rose and walked up to Sumner's desk. While he was about to express his surprise at this, he saw Brooks lean on Sumner's desk "and say something to him, and instantly, while Senator Sumner was in the act of rising, Col. Brooks struck him and continued to do so, until Sumner fell bleeding and prostrate. Not an exclamation or word escaped from either party until the affair was over."

The other witness is Governor Brown of Mississippi. He gives Brooks's own version of the affair which also substantiates Mr. Sumner's statement. He says:—

"On the day of the occurrence, and shortly after, I met Mr. Brooks, in company with Mr. Keitt, on the avenue, nearly opposite the Union buildings. After the usual salutations, Mr. Keitt mentioned what had occurred, and was proceeding to give some account of it, when Mr. Brooks interposed, with this remark: 'The town, I suppose, will be full of rumors, in a few hours, and I desire my friends to understand precisely what I have done, and why I did it. Regarding the speech' (of Mr. Sumner) 'as an atrocious libel on South Carolina, and a gross insult to my absent relative,' (Judge Butler,) 'I determined, when it was delivered, to punish him for it. To-day I approached him, after the Senate adjourned, and said to him, Mr. Sumner, I have read your speech carefully, and with as much calmness as I could be expected to read such a speech. You have libelled my State and slandered my relation, who is aged and absent, and I feel it to be my duty to punish you for it; and with that I struck him a blow across the head with my cane, and repeated it until I was satisfied. No one interposed, and I desisted simply because I had punished him to my satisfaction.'"

Another witness is Dr. Bunting of Montreal, Canada. He says, in a letter to the Boston *Evening Journal*, that he was in the gallery of the Senate Chamber at the time of the assault on Mr. Sumner. He says he saw Brooks approach Mr. Sumner, *not in front but at the side of his desk*, and address him some words in a low tone, and then at the moment Mr. Sumner raised his head, turning it on one side to listen, he poured down on him blow after blow with the greatest rapidity.

Mr. Sumner struggled several times to rise from his seat, but was evidently so much hemmed in as to be utterly incapable of rising until he had, by great effort, torn the desk from its fastenings and then pitched forward insensible on the floor. While this was progressing, *Mr. Keitt stood with one hand flourishing a large cane, and holding a pistol behind him partly under his coat*, but which Dr. Bunting saw very distinctly projecting from between the flaps of his coat.

Dr. Bunting says he was, from his position in the gallery, directly above the actors in the scene, enabled to see this very clearly during the assault. Mr. Douglass, he asserts, *stood within five feet of Mr. Sumner with his hands in his pockets*. Dr. B. assisted to dress Mr. Sumner's wounds.

A large meeting of citizens was held at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 24th inst., and strong resolutions were passed, approving of the action of Mr. Brooks. Contributions were being made there and at Charleston, to get up a testimonial to him. The Southern papers generally also approve the conduct of Mr. Brooks, as witness the following extracts:—

From the Richmond Whig.

A Good Deed.—As will be seen by telegraph, Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate on yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious and foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an elegant and effectual caning. *We are rejoiced at this.* The only regret we feel is, that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horsewhip or cowhide upon his slanderous back, instead of a cane. *We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next.*

Peace hath her Victories no less Renowned than War.—Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, whose reputation as a scholar rests chiefly upon a discourse on the foregoing text, seems bent upon illustrating his theory in his own person. He concludes a two days' discourse of scholarly platitudes and pedantic dullness by venting a filthy stream of billingsgate on heads hoary with age; answers insult from men who would afford him personal satisfaction with vulgar epithet; and, when caned for cowardly vituperation, falls to the floor an inanimate lump of incarnate cowardice, and most glorious exemplar of the *man of peace.—Richmond Examiner.*

The Baltimore American Democrat only regrets that Mr. Brooks did not select some other place than the Senate Chamber for the "well-merited punishment." The Petersburg Intelligencer heads its article "Sumner's Licking;" is sorry that Mr. Brooks "dirtied his cane" by contact with Sumner, not because the latter "got a lick amiss, not because he was not justly entitled to all he got, and more besides," but because the assault on "the Nasty Scamp" will make capital for his cause. The Intelligencer wants Seward thrashed next, though it is puzzled to know how a pretext can be got, as Seward is too smart to violate the decorum of debate."

The South Side Democrat says that the telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to the feelings of the editor of that paper than the "classical caning" received by Sumner at the hands of the "chivalrous Brooks," which, he says, was the only punishment adequate to a proper restraint of Sumner's "insolence." The Democrat thinks that if Sumner had possessed a spark of courage, he would have been more than a match for Brooks, but that he "played the craven to perfection, and for him there can be no sympathy." The Louisville Times speaks of Brooks as a most honorable and chivalrous man, and feels sure that he has done nothing unbecoming a gentleman. It is useless, however, to multiply extracts, as the great mass of the Southern press, so far as received, holds a similar tone.

On the 29th inst., Mr. Brooks sent a challenge to Gen. Wilson. General Wilson replied:—"I characterized, on the floor of the Senate, the assault upon my colleague as brutal, murderous, and cowardly. I thought so then; I think so now. I have no qualifications whatever to make in regard to those words. I have always regarded duelling as the lingering relic of a barbarous civilization, which the law of the country has branded as a crime.

"While, therefore, I religiously believe in the right of self-defence in its broadest sense, the laws of my country, and the matured convictions of my whole life alike forbid me to meet you for the purpose indicated in your letter."

Mr. Sumner is still confined to his chamber, and is dangerously ill. At the latest accounts there had been some improvement, but his physicians still regard his condition as critical.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, on the 26th instant, almost unanimously adopted resolutions denunciatory of the attack on Mr. Sumner, as brutal and cowardly in itself, a gross breach of parliamentary privilege, a ruthless attack on the liberty of speech, an outrage on the decencies of civilized life, and an indignity to Massachusetts; and demanding a strict investigation, and the expulsion of Mr. Brooks and other members implicated.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Reeder.—Governor Reeder and Mr. Fogg, the Secretary of the Investigating Committee, arrived at Chicago from Kansas on the 28th instant. They came through Missouri and narrowly escaped with their lives.

Arrival of Mrs. Fanny Kemble.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble was one of the arrivals by the Africa.

Loss of the President.—News reached Boston on the 28th, that the ship President, from Liverpool for Boston, was abandoned off the Banks, her bow having been stove in by ice, when she sank. Her crew were taken off by the British ship Columbine, from Bristol, and taken into Quebec.

The leader of a band of South Carolina emigrants to Kansas sent home a letter which is published in the Winnsboro', S. C., Register. In it he says that every steamer bound for the Territory has been literally crowded with emigrants from all sections; that there are as many "abolitionists" as pro-slavery men on board of them, and that from all the information he could gain, "we" (the South), are rapidly falling into the minority in Kansas.

New England Tract Society.—The New England Branch of the American Tract Society, on May 27, selected the Rev. A. L. Stone on the Executive Committee, vice Nehemiah Adams, author of the "South-Side View of Slavery." The vote stood—Stone 56, Adams 43. The grounds of opposition to Mr. Adams was, that New England ought not to be represented in the National Society by a person holding the views on slavery attributed to him.

From Oregon and Washington.—The dates from Washington Territory are to April 10th, and from Oregon to the 26th. In a fight between the Indians and a portion of Col. Kenney's command, Capt. Embree was killed.

Postmaster Kendall.—This person, who was on trial at New Orleans for embezzlement, has been found not guilty.

The students of the University of Virginia have voted a splendid cane to the Hon. Mr. Brooks, for his assault on Mr. Sumner. The Petersburg Express says:—"The *chivalry of the South* has been thoroughly aroused" (!!!) The cane is to have a heavy gold head, which will be suitably inscribed, and will also bear upon it *a device of the human head, badly cracked and broken!*

Judge Pearson has charged the Grand Jury of Dauphin county, that *Gift Lotteries* come clearly within the inhibition of the Act of Assembly against the sale of lottery tickets.

It is a singular fact that that the heathen seldom use the names of their idols irreverently, while scarcely a Christian community is destitute of swearers.

Each of the seven copies of the treaty of peace lately concluded in Paris, has been richly bound and enclosed in a box of engraved silver, to which it is fastened by gold or silver cords. The national seals affixed to the several copies are of almost fabulous dimensions, being six inches in diameter, and three inches thick. Each seal is of a different colored wax from the others.

A Man About to be Buried Alive.—In Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio, a few days ago, the funeral services were about being performed on the body of Daniel Sterns, Esq., who was supposed to have been dead three days, when a slight warmth was perceptible in the body; restoratives were applied, and he is now recovering.

May and December.—Omer Pacha, who is sixty years of age, has recently been married to a girl of thirteen. This is the tenth or twelfth marriage he has contracted since he abjured Christianity. He would make an excellent Mormon.

Lubricating and Burning Oil.—A patent has been taken out in England for lubricating oil, which can be made by any person. It consists of seven gallons of oil, mixed with one gallon of terpentine. This mixture makes a good burning fluid, and can be furnished at lower price than pure lard oil.

A Costly Colony.—The revenue of British India shows a *deficit* of about twelve millions of dollars, compared with expenses. The cost of the military alone is over $6,000,000.

Price of Puppies in England.—The pack of hounds of Mr. Richard Sut on were sold a few weeks since, under the hammer, at Quorn Kennels, Leicestershire, England. This hun ing pack, consisting of thirty-nine dogs, from one to five years old, sold for $7,500. The puppies, fifty in number, were put up in lots of five each, and brought altogether $2,200.

The Hon. John M. Niles, formerly Senator in Congress from Connecticut, and Postmaster-General under President Van Buren, died in Hartford, on the 31st, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Dates from the City of Mexico to the 22d ult. have been received. The Bishop of Puebla has been banished from the country by a decree issued by President Comonfort. An attempt to rescue him made by the Church party failed, and many of them were arrested. The Bishop has sailed for Bordeaux. Zerman, the Admiral of the Pacific Squadron, has been imprisoned.

Indignation Meeting in New York.—On the 30th, an immense meeting was held at the Tabernacle to give an expression of opinion in regard to the recent outrage upon Senator Sumner. The hall was full to overflowing, long before the hour announced for the meeting. George Griswold presided, and there were twenty Vice Presidents, including Moses H. Grinnell, Pelatiah Perrit, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Benj. F. Butler, Esq., Ex-Mayor Havemeyer, Ex-Mayor Kingsland, Wm. C. Bryant, Wm. M. Evarts, and Erastus Brooks. Mr. Evarts offered a series of appropriate resolutions, in the course of which the outrage upon Sumner was characterized in the language of Gen. Wilson as brutal, murderous, and cowardly, and calling upon the House to expel Mr. Brooks unconditionally from his seat.

The resolutions were supported by Daniel Lord, Charles King, President of Columbia College, F. D. Morgan, Jno. A. Stevens and others. The burden of the speeches was that all party feeling among patriotic, conservative, union loving men of the North must henceforth be sunk at the North, and united effort made to avenge the insult put upon it in the person of one of its representatives; that the South must be taught that there were blows to give as well as to take, and that unless the slave power receded from its arrogant demands, the time is near at hand when force must be met by force. Every point of this nature made by the speakers, as well as every allusion to Mr. Sumner was responded to with deafening applause. The resolutions were carried by acclamation, and at 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned. Another meeting was organized outside the Hall, at which speeches were made and much enthusiasm prevailed.

Massachusetts Action Toward Kansas.—In the House of Representatives of the Massachusetts Legislature on May 30th, the following resolution was offered by Mr. C. Hale, of the Boston Advertiser, member from Boston, and was referred to a Committee:

Resolved, That the sum of ten thousand dollars be allowed and paid out of the Treasury of the Commonwealth to his excellency, the Governor, to be by him applied, in whole or in part, in such manner not repugnant to the Constitution and laws, as shall most effectually aid the people of Kansas, who were represented in the Convention assembled at Topeka in October, 1855, in maintaining their rights as men and citizens, under the Constitution of the United States, and that the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, have authority to appoint such agents to disburse the said sum as may be necessary, and the agents so appointed shall account only to him for the money by them expended, and the Governor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant accordingly.

The resolution was referred to a select committee, who amended the sum to $20,000, and reported it back to the House. An amendment, providing that no more money be expended for the purchase of fire-arms, was rejected by a large majority. The resolution has passed a first and second reading.

From California.—The steamer Granada, at New Orleans, brought California dates to the 15th inst.

In Mariposa County, the Americans had murdered twenty Mexicans and Chilians, the pretext being that an American had been killed by the Chilians. The Americans have also ordered all the Chinese, Mexicans, Peruvians, and Chilians out of the country.

The steamer Illinois arrived at New York from Aspinwall, on the 29th inst., bringing $1,500,000 in gold.

It was rumored at San Francisco, that a large party, well armed, were going down in the Golden Gate to avenge the recent outrage at Panama.

The Republicans held a meeting at Sacramento, Cal., April 30th, and elected delegates to the Philadelphia Convention.

THE DEMOCRACTIC CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.

The reports to the Northern press generally unite in stating that Mr. Buchanan's prospects are far the brightest—the outside pressure for him being tremendous. The Atchison Delegates from Missouri are to be admitted. The New York Hard and Soft question yet undecided. The Sumner assault is alleged by the Buchanan men to have increased their strength twenty votes. There is no talk of rescinding the two-third rule, and it is thought it will not be attempted. Should President Pierce not receive the nomination, it is said that the Pierce and Douglas men will unite on Mason, Rusk, or Hunter, in order to defeat Buchanan.

The States of Indiana and Wisconsin have declared by a majority in caucus in Buchanan's favor. The Mississippi Delegation have organized and resolved to vote in the Convention for Pierce and Quitman.—The telegraphic correspondent of the Associated Press, says: "Brooks, of South Carolina, is expected here to-morrow, and he will be the lion of the city. Your correspondent has passed through Central Ohio, and found that the Kansas difficulties and the Sumner assault have created a perfect furor.—Party lines seem to be broken down, and the Presidential election will probably show a great revulsion of popular feeling in that section."

This mute of feeling in the Free States probably will aid the chances of Mr. Buchanan. A hopeful feeling, however, prevails, and the members express entire confidence in the election of the Convention's candidate by an overwhelming majority.

(From the Correspondent of the Associated Press.)

Cincinnati, June 2.—The Douglas delegates are in secret caucus, and it is rumored that his name is to be withdrawn.

The Massachusetts delegation stands, for Pierce 17, for Buchanan 9.

At a quarter before 12 o'clock, the signal gun announced that the Convention had commenced to assemble. It was called to order at 12 o'clock, by R. McLane, of Md.

Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, nominated Samuel Medary, of Ohio, temporary chairman, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Hall, of Massachusetts, called for the reading of the call of the Convention, and while the call was being read by Mr. English, of Indiana, a sudden uproar occurred at the door, followed by the crowd rushing in, fighting, and the direst confusion ensued.

It was finally discovered that the Benton delegation from Missouri had resolved to enter by violence, and carried their intention into effect by knocking down the doorkeeper and entering pell mell, headed by ex-Gov. Price.

For a few minutes, a scene of confusion impossible to describe, ensued. The members jumping on chairs, and it seemed as though a serious riot was about to take place. After a while, quiet was restored, and the reading of the call was proceeded with.

Mr. McLane, of Maryland, stated that when the credentials of the Missouri delegates were presented, the Committee of Arrangements gave tickets of admission to the delegates which presented *prima facia* evidence of their election, and refused the others.

New York, it also appeared, was represented by two sets of delegates, but as the Committee could not decide which were entitled to seats, they declined to give tickets to either, unless an arrangement could be effected among themselves, as was done in the case of the Mississippi delegations. Both delegations from New York now awaited admission.

Samuel Medary, in taking the Chair, returned thanks for the temporary honor.

The Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of Cincinnati, then opened the proceedings with prayer.

His Antecedents.—Preston S. Brooks, the assailant of Senator Sumner, fought a duel with one Wigfall, of S. C., before going to Congress. Both Brooks and Wigfall were wounded in this duel, and the former severely. Wigfall, not satisfied, says the Sun, afterwards challenged the father of Brooks; the old gentleman refused to fight, and Wigfall posted him as a coward. A young relative, Mr. Bird, attempted to tear down the placard, and was shot dead by Wigfall, who had previously said he would kill any one who attempted it.

Hail Storm.—A hail storm of great severity visited Johnstown, N. Y., on the 24th inst., at two o'clock in the afternoon. The wind prostrated almost everything in i s course. Some of the hailstones were like frozen balls of snow, while others were pieces of pure transparent ice as large as butternuts. In the village about thirty thousand panes of glass were broken. Shingles and bricks were blown off, and the trees were nearly stripped of their foliage.

Mexico.—The usual rows continue in Mexico. Gen. Linberg, at last advices, was marching against Vidaurri with 4,000 men. The States of Coahuila and Nuevo Leon had dissolved their union.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co., 22 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

FITS! WHY PROMINENT.

For a long time there was a paragraph making its regular weekly appearance in our columns, with the brief, but emphatic words "Fits! Fits!" always at the head, to some as offensive caption, but not so to the benevolent and humane, who could sympathize in the sorrows of others. Some persons are shocked at any indication of disease, and are even thrown into nervous excitement on witnessing a hearse or a coffin.—Such are to be pitied. We should always strive to look disease and even death in the face with calmness, and especially take every opportunity for alleviating disease. Viewed in this light, the advertisements of S. S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., possess a certain interest, and those who know of any one suffering from Epilepsy, Spasms, or Fits of any kind, should feel it a pleasure to cut out his advertisement, or in some other way send word to the afflicted of the great value of his remedies. They can be sent to any part of the country by mail. Price $1 per box. Two $1. Twelve $10.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended as a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by less than a bottle. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use

Signed D. LAUDERDALE.
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist., So. Ca.

JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. my17-4t

THE ASTONISHING SUCCESS of the Oxygenated Bitters in the worst cases of Dyspepsia, is owing to its peculiar tonic properties, and being entirely free from alcoholic stimulants it produces no reaction or unpleasant sensations.

FISHING.—We call attention to those that are fond of fishing to S. E. Gardiner's advertisement in another column. The Angler's Secret. It

THE TRAVELLING SEASON.—The rush to the Springs and to the watering places will soon commence. Many are making the tour of Europe by way of a summer trip. They invariably discover that they cannot find, either in England or upon the Continent, clothing as cheap or so handsomely gotten up as that sold by Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 39 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. je7-4t

Shaving Made Easy.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents.

Fetridge & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale by T. B. Peterson's, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb9-etwdm

PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL. Edited by JAMES BRYAN, A. M., M. D. Residence N. E. corner Tenth and Arch Sts., Philada. price $1.50 in advance, or $2 if not paid within the first six months.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL CHOICE STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS. Great inducements offered. For particulars, address D. B. MULFORD, my24-4t 167 Broadway, New York.

"BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE."—The Original, for which 15 medals and diplomas have been given—and 50,000 applications made of it to the heads of his patrons. It Dyes the hair true to nature in one minute, without staining the skin or injuring the hair; and corrects the bad effects of all other dyes. Made, sold and applied (in 8 private rooms) at the Wig and Toupee Factory of BATCHELOR, 233 Broadway, New York, and sold by respectable Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers everywhere. my3-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, the 28th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of the Hon. Richard Vaux, Mayor, William H. Yerkes, to Martha Thomas, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Caithopper, Mr William D. Thompson, to Miss Maria E. Spencer, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. Samuel H. King, of Newark, N. J. to Miss Isabella Carr, formerly of Wilmington, Del.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John McDowell, D. D., Mr Samuel G. Dunneson, to Miss Maggie Bechtel, all of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. John S. Hendrix, to Pierre Thompson, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. William Hayes, Mr Henry Martin, of Lancaster, Pa. to Miss Margaret Bent, of Carlisle, formerly of Chambersburg.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. Charles Tiet, of this city, to Miss Lizzie Bower, daughter of Mr. Saml. Bower, of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. William C. Johnstone, Mr. Edward Cullen, to Miss Eliza Nelson, both of Conshohocken.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Charles W. Ringgold, to Aimee T. daughter of William Fife, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. William Bayne, Mr. Henry R. Reel, to Miss Susanna S. King, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr Harry H. Hackett, to Miss Annie R. Elliot, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, at Chester, by the Rev. James Challen, Mr. Thomas M. Baker, to Miss Mary E. Starr.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D. D., Mr. Henry C. Gross, to Mary B. daughter of Fredk. Kleit, Esq.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Owen, Mr D. C. Shanklin, to Miss Kate Davis, both of Conshohocken, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. C. Lewis Ogden, to Miss Kate, daughter of the late Wm. H. Fowler, Esq. both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. 1855, by the Rev. R. Armstrong, Mr. Albert G. Fountain, to Miss Margaret L. Clayton, both of this city.

On the 8th of April, by the Rev. J. P. Bishop, Mr. William Mansell, to Miss Isabella Virginia Foltin, both of this city.

On the 22th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Caithopper, Mr. Charles P. Tuttle, to Miss Sarah J. Gifford, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel M. Shute, Mr. John P. Wolf, to Miss Mary E. Span, of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. James M. Adolphus, to Miss Margaret L. Finlaw, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Maria, relict of the late Charles Hance, aged 61 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Mr. S. Cavin, aged 26 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Margaretta L. wife of Saml. Clowney, aged 34 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Charles Moyer, aged 46 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Alice Farley, aged 56 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mary Ellen, daughter of Geo. F. and Ellen Uber, aged 10 years and 8 months.

On the 27th ultimo, Margaret C. daughter of Andrew J. and Adaline B. Rees, aged 18 months.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Margaret Murphy, aged 26 years.

On the 27th ultimo, William Bradley, aged 78 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Roxanna Brady, aged 61 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Rowell.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. Joseph Hart, aged 29 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Frances E. Yeagle, aged 23.

At the Penna. Hospital, on the 28th ult. Daniel H. Smith, aged 66 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mary E. daughter of Saml. and Elizabeth Eckard, aged 14 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, aged 63 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Clara E. daughter of E. and L. T. Silcott, aged 4 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Emma Jane, daughter of Dillwhe R. and Jane Cubberley.

On the 26th ultimo, Mary Trevenan, aged 45 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Henry Hazel.

On the 24th ultimo, Mary Virginia, daughter of Robt. M. and Mary A. Haslett, aged 17 months.

On the 26th ultimo, Margaret Jane, wife of Isaac Moore, aged 24 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Laura F. daughter of George W. and Fanny Hammal, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 30th ultimo, Jacob Ingle, Esq. aged 84 years.

On the 26th ultimo, William Henry, son of Jas. and Eliza Wiley, aged 7 years.

On the 24th ultimo, John Hope, aged 30 years.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa. on the 24th ultimo, Mr. John McClintock, Sr. aged 72 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. Thomas Milland, aged 40 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. Catharine Magee, aged 70 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Susanna, relict of the late Henry Taylor, aged 68 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Lewis Bohman, son of Wm. G. and Catharine Porter, aged 13 months.

On the 23th ultimo, James Kelly, aged 72 years

On the 23th ultimo, Martin Wirck, aged 7 years and 5 months.

On the 26th ultimo, Edward Patton, aged 56 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Charles Francis, son of Watson and Amanda Stout, aged 13 months.

On the 24th ultimo, Eliza E. daughter of Lewis S. and Matilda Hall, aged 21 months

On the 24th ultimo, Benj. Shallcross, aged 64 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Julius A. Hubert, aged 23 years.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE MILLION.

I WILL SEND THE FIVE FOLLOWING INVALUABLE RECIPES TO ANY ONE UPON THE RECEIPT OF $1.00.—1st. The Secret Art of Curing Bots in Horses. 2nd. How to Prepare a Mixture that will Effectually Prevent Flies from Disturbing Horses or other Animals during the Summer. 3rd. How to Prepare the Celebrated Water-Proof Blacking. 4th. How to Make Beautiful and Durable Ink for 15 cents per gallon. 5th. The Secret Arts of Fishing, in three different manners.

Any one of the above recipes is worth $1.00 to any person, and the money will positively be refunded, in all cases where satisfaction is not given.

Address J. G. LONG, Shirley-burg, Huntingdon County, Pa. je7-2t

COLUMBIAN HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK, W. S. RALCH, Proprietor.—During the past year this Hotel has been enlarged and improved, and is now open for the reception of visitors. Bathing-Rooms and a Gymnasium are also connected with the establishment. It will be conducted on the same principles as heretofore, and no pains or expense will be spared to render the COLUMBIAN a *first-class Hotel.* It

TO THE LADIES.—Ladies suffering from any of the ills incident to their sex are invited to address Dr. CHARLES K. ELLETT, New York City, stating the nature of the complaint. No fee need be enclosed. je7-2t

DAVID B. BIRNEY, Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, except New Jersey, No. 58 Market Street, Philadelphia. Particular attention paid to taking testimony to be used in other States. Affidavits, Acknowledgments, Claims, &c., carefully attended to. Notices can be given to take Depositions at his Office, and in his absence the matter will be attended to. nov16-1y

HEATH HOUSE,
SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, N. J.

THE above popular and well known Establishment will be opened by the first of June, for the reception of visitors. Persons desirous of obtaining rooms, can do so by addressing a line to the proprietor, D. A. CROWELL. ap26-3m

FOR THE PEOPLE.—How often we hear the expression—"How I wish I had learned a trade when young." An opportunity is offered to all who desire to learn a valuable trade, far better than the majority, for a comparatively trifling expense, equally applicable to all parts of the country, by which a fortune can be realized; can be readily connected with other business, where a person desires something to fill time profitably, now idly spent: for the merchant, mechanic, farmer, &c. The article produced is indispensable in every family. For particulars, address GEO. A. ANDREWS & CO. my31-tf New York City.

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES AND JEWELRY in the United States, Wholesale or Retail, 20 per cent. *less than can be purchased elsewhere.*

Gold Hunting Levers, 18 ka. case, full jewelled	$40,00
Gold open-face, " 18 ka. case, " "	28,00
Gold Lepines	22,00
Silver Hunting Levers, Hunting case, full jewelled,	18,00
Silver Levers, open-face " " " "	14,00
Silver Lepines	9,00
Gold Guard, Vest, or Fob Chains,	12,00
Gold Pens, Silver Holders,	1,00
Gold Pencils,	1,50 to 2,00

I can send by mail, with perfect safety, a Watch or Jewelry in any part of the United States or the world. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. On the receipt of the cash, the goods will be immediately sent by mail or express, as desired. Please call or address, (post paid),

LEWIS LADOMUS,
mh22-3m 302 Chestnut St., above 8th, *Philadelphia.*

$100 A MONTH.—Agents are making this amount by selling our new book, "THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN WAR," &c. We send a specimen copy, with full particulars of agency, on receipt of the price, $1,25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
mh15-tf 48 North 4th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

2,500 MORE BOOK AGENTS WANTED, To circulate RAPID SELLING Valuable Family Works, which attract by their *low prices, interesting* contents and *superbly colored plates.* For circulars with particulars, apply, if you live East, to Henry Rowe, 102 Nassau St., New York; if you live West, to the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

EMPLOYMENT!!!—YOUNG MEN do you wish to make your Fortune?—Our Agents are making $30 to $40 per week. Particulars will be furnished *free of charge* to those who enclose Postage Stamps and address Metropolitan Agency Office, Haverhill, Mass. my10-12t

JUST RECEIVED—A LARGE STOCK of Gold and Silver English Lever and Swiss Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, Jewelry, &c., at greatly reduced prices, No. 216 Market Street, South side above Sixth. WM. BAYLY & SON. ap19-3m

THE NATIONAL SAFETY SAVING FUND—WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, now has more than ONE MILLION of dollars safely invested for the benefit of Depositors. Interest Five Per Cent. The office is open every day, and the money is always paid back in GOLD. feb9-3m

AGENTS! AGENTS!!!—EXTRA INDUCEMENTS OFFERED.—Persons sending me their address, I will mail (post-paid) a full descriptive catalogue of my Books, and with instructions to operate that will enable them to make from $50 to $100 per month. The list comprises over 100 New and Popular Books. Address D. BULISON, 32 S. Third St., Philadelphia. Or if living West, to H. M. BULISON, Cincinnati, Ohio. ap12-tf

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—Seventy-five cents a line for the first insertion, Sixty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

NEW BOOKS.
JUST PUBLISHED,
BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

I.
HIAWATHA LEGENDS—By R. H. Schoolcraft. 1 vol., 12mo. Price $1 25.
PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW'S POEMS founded on these Legends.

II.
THE GRAY-BAY MARE, and other Humorous American Sketches. 1 vol., 12mo. With Numerous Illustrations. Price 50 cts.

III.
THE WAR-PATH; or, Wild Western Scenes. Second Series. 1 vol. Illustrated.

Wit and Humor.

THE NURSE AND THE BABY.

Windsor Castle was thrown into a bit of flutter last week on receipt of the following telegraphic despatches from the Tuileries:

"The Emperor has forbidden *the* wetnurse to kiss the baby!"

Scarcely had the emotion of the castle subsided, than a second despatch was flashed on lightning wings to the following effect:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse to say *cuckoo-cuckoo* to the *Imperial* infant."

A third despatch followed with all possible rapidity:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse to tickle the child *of France*, on pain of instant dismissal."

A fourth:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse, at any period, to *ride a cockhorse* to the Prince Imperial under pain of banishmennt to Cayenne."

A fifth despatch:

"The Archbishop of Paris has been sent for to administer the oath to the wetnurse; who vows she will not kiss the book not to kiss the baby."

A sixth despatch:

"The woman remains obdurate. A detachment of Chasseurs is drawn up in the court yard, but they fail to shake her."

A seventh despach:

"His Imperial Highness is crying for the breast. His nurse weeps, but is inflexible.

"His Imperial Highness clenches his fists, and his face grows as blue as the Violets of *La belle France*.

"The Emperor commands the nurse to give the breast to the Imperial infant.

"The nurse refuses, and folding her arms, throws up her situation, unless allowed to salute his Imperial Highness, who grows bluer and bluer.

"The father falters, and the Empress melts! The baby is *given* to the nurse, and one kiss *per diem* is graciously permitted."—*Punch*.

"BACON AND EGGS—TAKE CARE OF YOUR LEGS."—A farmer once employed a man in hay-time, and set him to mowing. The employer was a mean man, and kept his help as short as possible—making butter-milk and whey a good portion of their diet for breakfast. Going into his field one day he overheard his mower singing in a faint, slow, drawling manner, and suiting the action of grass-cutting to the words of his song. His song was this:

"Butter-milk and whey,
Butter-milk and whey,
Fatal all day,
Fatal all day."

This he kept on repeating over and over again, growing slower and fainter, both in his singing and his work.

But the next morning the farmer had bacon and eggs provided for breakfast; and when he went into his field again, his man was briskly singing and mowing away at a rapid rate:

"Bacon and eggs,
Take care of your legs!
Bacon and eggs,
Take care of your legs!"

LANDLADIES AND LODGERS.—There is a story told of a learned Cambridge professor which has always filled us with the highest repect for his courage and conduct. Finding that his college bed-maker—which is a very mitigated species of landlady—was continually abstracting his teas, and being (sagacious philosopher!) aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he determined to let her know he had found her peccadillo out without the chance of contradiction. He bought two pounds of tea, one of which he placed, as usual, in his caddy, and secreted the other in a drawer; he drew from the latter store so much as was necessary for his use, but never touched the former; the contents of the caddy, nevertheless, decreased daily and in greater proportion, and at last, while the professor had still a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bed-maker declared his tea to be out, and offered to get him some more. "Well!" exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great triumph, "I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted so long as mine has."

A SEA HELL.—An Irishman, who served on board of a man-of-war in the capacity of a waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrail. After hauling in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself—"Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow. It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to it, the divil a bit of arms it'll leave me at last. What! more of it yet! Och murther; the sa's mighty deep, to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the end of it."

GREAT VARIETY OF SKIES.—Ambrose Philips, the pastoral writer, was solemn and pompous in conversation. At a coffee-house he was discoursing upon pictures, and pitying the painters, who, in their historical pictures always draw the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and then they would see that there is a different sort of sky in every country—in England, France, Italy, and so forth."

"Your remark is just," said a grave gentleman, who sat by; "I have been a traveller, and can testify that what you observe is true; but the greatest variety of skies that I found was in Poland."

"In Poland, sir?" said Philips.

"Yes, in Poland; for there is Sobiesky, and Sarbiousky, and Jablonsky, and Podebrasky and many more *skies*, sir."

"THE CRISIS HAS COME."—On one occasion, during an engagement, Captain Duncan, commanding the Flying Artillery, Gen. Pillow, in his usual solemn manner, called out to the officer,

"Captain Duncan—fire—the crisis has come!"

Duncan, without saying a word, turned to his men, who were standing by their guns already shotted and primed, and simply called out, "fire!"

"The men were slightly surprised at the order—there being no particular object within range, when an old gray-headed Irish sergeant stepped up with—

"Please yer honor, what shall we fire at?"

"Fire at the crisis," said Duncan, "didn't you hear the General say it had come?"

ALDERMAN GOBBLE IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.—*Alderman G.*—What's that, Hem'ly? Read that again, my dear!

Emily.—"By a wonderful provision of nature, the camel is enabled to take in a great supply of food, having been supplied for that purpose with three stomachs."

Ald. G.—Wonderful provision of nature! I should just think it was. Three stomachs! I wish I was a camel!

COOLNESS IN BATTLE.—At the siege of Acre a cannon-ball, from one of the Turkish batteries, passed very near Sir Charles Felix Smith, whose ear was not particularly accustomed to that kind of fun. "Do you hear that music?" said he to a Scotch sub in the artillery. "Hoot toot," was the reply, "I care nothing about the balls which come—my business is with the balls which go."

☞ Somebody said the other day, before Alexandre Dumas: "For you know, if there is enough for six, there's enough for eight."

"Agreed," said Dumas, "if you speak of candles: but if you refer to champagne or partridges—no."

A FEW INFALLIBILITIES.—Let a man be ruined, he has been the victim of some treachery, or the dupe of some designing friend, or else it is the result of circumstances over which he had no control; it is not by any chance his own fault!

Let glass or crockery be broken in your household, or a few spoons be absent without leave, not one of the servants knows anything about it.

Let an umbrella be missing, no one has ever seen it.

Let the dinner be late, to believe the cook it is always the fault of the kitchen clock.

Let a horse turn out queerly or badly, it is very strange, there never was anything the matter with it whilst in the possession of the previous owner, when the latter innocent is told of it!

Let there be a railway accident, still no blame is to be attached to any one.

Let the bricklayers or carpenter into the house, and it is a precious long time before you get them out again!—*Punch*.

FILIAL REGARD.—A school teacher in a town in New Hampshire, seeing one morning a new pupil in her school-room, asked the "young hope" in accordance with the requirements of the Superintending Committee, his father's name?

"Hayes," answered the boy, promptly.

"What is his given name?" asked the teacher.

"Hayes, I tell you," replied the promising youth.

"Well," inquired the instructor, determined to know if Mr. Hayes had any Christian name—"what does your mother call him?"

"Mother. She calls him *old Hayes*," responded the boy, as if destiny depended on the reply.

HIS FIRST BOOTS.—A youngster who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels on, laid himself liable, through some misdemeanor, to maternal chastisement.

After pleading to get clear to no effect, he exclaimed:—

"Well, if I've got to stand it, I mean to take off my boots."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Because I won't be whipped in them new boots. That's so!"

AN HONOR.—A friend at West Point tells us a comical anecdote of a very diffident young clergyman, who had been invited to dine with a professional brother, who also kept a young lady's boarding school. He was introduced to a bevy of fair pupils in the drawing-room, and among them to a Miss M———, to whom he said, stammering: "A—a—a—s, Miss M———, a—s—a—l—l—I am not entirely unacquainted with you, I—I—I had the honor of *sleeping with your father a short time ago*."

WHAT WE ARE FAST COMING TO.

View of a member of Congress, in the year 1857, attending to the business of his constituents, and surrounded with the necessary implements of his official position.

Note.—Extract from the Rules of the Senate in 1857: "Every member of this body, in addition to a pocket-knife, pens, ink, and paper, and a cart-load of books, shall hereafter be supplied by the clerk with the following necessary articles:—Two Bowie-knives, one Sharpe's Rifle, one heavy gutta-percha club, one Colt's Revolver, one sword, and one brass field-piece. Any other articles of a warlike character desired by the members, must be purchased at their own expense."

Agricultural.

ON THE RELATIVE VALUE OF AMMONIA AND Phosphorus in Manures.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. S. HALDEMAN,

Chemist and Geologist to the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society; Professor of Agriculture and Natural Science in Delaware College.

This being a question of chemical science, the more prominent facts and deductions will be stated in a series of numbered paragraphs, to facilitate a reference to the principles involved.

§ 1. The combustible portions of vegetable and animal substances are called the *organic* constituents, and the mineral portions left as ashes, the *inorganic*.

2. The organic constituents of plants and animals are carbon, *oxygen*, *hydrogen*, and *nitrogen*.

3. *Carbon* constitutes from 40 to 50 per cent. of the organic matter of plants; with different proportions of *oxygen* it forms oxalic acid (present in sorrel, &c.) and *carbonic acid*, a constituent of carbonate of lime, (*limestone, marble, chalk, marl,*) and of the atmosphere to the extent of one part in ten-thousand of its bulk.

4. *Oxygen* forms one-fifth of the bulk of the atmosphere, eight-ninths of the weight of water (the remaining ninth being *hydrogen*,) and with nitrogen it forms nitric acid.

5. *Nitrogen* forms nearly four-fifths of the bulk of the atmosphere, and with *hydrogen* it forms *ammonia*.

6. *The atmosphere*, besides watery vapors and carbonic acid, contains minute portions carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, and nitric acid.

7. *Living plants* have the power to take what they require from the *soil*, *water*, and *air*, even when a powerful chemical affinity has to be overcome, as that between oxygen and hydrogen in water.

8. Plants get the greater part of their *carbon* from the air, their *hydrogen* from water, their *oxygen* from water (§4) and carbonic acid, and their *nitrogen* from the ammonia (§5) and nitric acid of the air and soil.

There is little doubt that nitrogen enters the roots of plants in a state of solution. . . . . One hundred cubic inches of rain water will carry into the soil about 2½ inches of nitrogen gas.—*Johnston's Lectures*, iv., §8.

A portion of the nitrogen, derived from animal substances, may be obtained immediately from other compounds in which ammonia does not exist. Id. iv. §7.

Plants in general receive their carbon and nitrogen from the air, the carbon in the form of carbonic acid, the nitrogen in that of ammonia. *Liebig's Principles of Agr. Chem.*, 1855, p. 13.

9. *The inorganic constituents* of plants are more numerous, but the greater part of them occur in all soils. They are lime, magnesia, silica, iron, potash, soda, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, and chlorine.

10. The following table presents the per centage of the chief inorganic constituents of grain, &c., and their proportion in a natural soil, fertile without manure:

	Bull.	Corn.	Wheat.	Rye.	Oats.	Potatoes.	Peas.
Phosphoric Acid,	0.43	15.00	47.00	47.00	43.00	11.00	32.00
Potash (and Soda,	0.50	27.00	30.00	37.00	27.00	51.00	44.50
Lime,	4.00	10.	3.00	3.00	5.00	1.80	3.00
Magnesia,	0.85	7.00	15.00	13.00	3.00	5.40	7.75

11. It will be observed that the products require much *more* of phosphoric acid, and *less* of lime, than of their other constituents; whilst the soil furnishes *six* per cent. of lime, and *less* than *half* a per cent. of phosphoric acid. Hence, the deterioration and exhaustion of an average soil may be attributed to the gradual disappearance of the originally scanty supply of phosphoric acid.

12. According to the later researches of Liebig, a soil which is deteriorating from the loss of essential mineral constituents, cannot be renovated by ammoniacal manures, valuable as they are in hastening the action and availability of the inorganic constituents naturally or artificially present.

13. Professor Johnston's view of nitrogenous manures is as follows:—

The effect of ammonia, &c., in the farm-yard manure, is not merely to yield its own nitrogen to the plant, but to enable it, in some way hitherto unexplained, to draw from other sources a larger portion of the same element than it would otherwise do. . . . This I suppose to be the kind of influence to which writers on Agriculture are in the habit of alluding, when they speak of certain substances stimulating plants, or acting as stimulants to their growth, &c.—Lectures, p. 187-8.

14. Liebig's opinions are presented thus:—

I had myself, in the first edition of my work, attributed to ammonia a preponderating value and importance, and I thought I had sufficiently corrected this *error* in the subsequent editions. [p. 61.]

15. Carbonic acid and ammonia are the atmospheric food of plants. [p 18.] The efficacy of the atmospheric constituents in a given time, depends on the co-operation of the mineral constituents in the same time; if the latter be present in due proportions and in available forms, the development of the plants is in proportion to the supply and assimilation of their atmospheric food. [p. 34.]

16. The ammoniacal salts alone have no effect; . . . in order to be effectives, they must be accompanied by the mineral constituents, and the effect is then proportional to the supply—not of ammonia, but of the mineral substances. [p. 42.]

Ammoniacal salts alone, in thousands of wheat fields, do not, in the smallest degree, increase the produce; . . . in thousands of other such fields, these salts do increase the produce for a year, or for two years, and then a further application of them to the same land is found to be utterly without effect. [p. 61.] In reference to the exhaustion of the soil, *ammonia, or ammoniacal salts, used alone*, are the kinds of manure which impoverish a soil, or, in other words, consume the capital of the land most rapidly. [p. 61.]

17. The duration of fertility, or the crops obtainable in a series of years, are determined by the sum of the mineral constituents present in the soil, and in a state adapted to assimilation. . . . By manuring with ammoniacal salts, a soil rich in available mineral constituents, the crops are augmented in the same way as they would have been if we had increased the proportion of ammonia in the air. [pp. 59-60.]

18. Ammonia is without effect if the mineral constituents are wanting. Consequently, the action of the ammonia is limited to the acceleration of the action of the mineral constituents in a given time; and under like circumstances, the produce of soils is in direct proportion to the quantity of mineral food present in the soil, or, in the usual phrase of farmers, *to the richness of the soil*. [p. 67.]

19. I consider it an error to estimate the value of a manure by its per centage of nitrogen; and hence ammonia and ammoniacal salts cannot be placed on the same level as pendrette and guano, because the latter contain, along with ammonia, a quantity of nutritive mineral substances which are quite as important, say, far more important to the plants than ammonia by itself can be. In every manure, the ashes, or mineral constituents, must be carefully taken into account in estimating its value. [p. 83.]

20. The mineral constituents act, as is shown by the produce of the unmanured land, without any artificial supply of ammonia. [p. 86.]

21. Liebig [p. 34] mentions a small barren tract, put into good condition, "without ammonia or humus, by means of mineral manure alone," and Professor Johnston [*Lectures*, p. 234] gives the analysis of a Belgian soil (containing all the inorganic constituents necessary for the crops), which was worked twelve years without manure, under beans, barley, potatoes, clover, wheat, and oats, all of which require nitrogen, and which must have been supplied from the air—probably through their roots. This is cited as a soil celebrated for yielding successive crops for a long period, without manure. Its organic matter is reduced to a half of one per cent. of humic acid (composed of 63 carbon, 6 hydrogen, and 31 oxygen,) and therefore destitute of nitrogen and ammonia.

Columbia, Pa., 25th May, 1856.

ROSE CULTURE.—Four things are absolutely essential in high rose culture—a rich and deep soil, judicious pruning, freedom from insects, and watering when requisite. If any of these be wrong, the success will be in proportion incomplete. Soil is the first consideration; what is termed a sound loam, they all delight in; the soil should be adapted to the stock rather than the scion, or kind worked on it. The common, or dog-rose stock, thrives best on strong loamy soil, in half-shaded situations near water, without manure; cultivated roses require the latter because they have more hard work to do; their amount of blossom, if weight alone be allowed as a test, would, in most cases, doubly and trebly exceed that of the dog-rose—added to which they have less foliage.

Roses, on their own roots, require that the soil be modified according to kind; we should not use so adhesive a soil to a Tea or Bourbon rose as to ordinary kinds; organic matter is here required. Depth of soil is of great importance to all kinds; it is the deeper series of fibres, situated in a proper medium, that sustains a good succession of flowers, in defiance of heat and drought.

Judicious pruning reduces the rampant growths, and increases the energies of those which are of a more delicate constitution, relieves from superfluous shoots and useless wood, and reduces the whole outline to a compact or consistent form. Insect ravages must be guarded against—tobacco water or fumes will do this; bathing them twice a day with water from a barrow-engine is only objectionable from the time required. If you have not provided deep culture, watering, in dry times, will be requisite; but this should be done thoroughly rather than frequently, and the surface soil should be frequently stirred without injuring the roots. Liquid manure—say two ounces of guano to a gallon of water—should be given once a week. With this treatment every one may have fine roses.—*Horticulturist*.

A CHEAP WAY OF DISSOLVING BONES.—When getting out manure, a year ago last spring, from my horse barn, I discovered several white, pulpaceous masses, which, on examination, proved to be bones in a perfectly pulpy state. Their change could only be accounted for on the supposition that the horse manure had, by some unknown means, affected their disintegration. The thought occurred to me that this accidental discovery could be turned to good account. Accordingly, during the ensuing year, all bones from the kitchen were thrown into the manure heap, constantly accumulating from the horse stable. Last fall that manure was removed to my orchard, and the bones were found in a soft and pulpous condition. The bones used were all fresh, and hence I know nothing experimentally of the effects of horse manure upon old bones.—*Cor. of Farmer's Journal*.

ASHES ON POTATOES.—Several statements have come under our observation to the effect that ashes applied to potatoes will prevent their rotting. In one case the ashes were sown broadcast over the field at the rate of two to four bushels to the acre once a week for six weeks, commencing after the second hoeing. In another case the tops were sprinkled with ashes as soon as they made their appearance, a table-spoonful to each hill, and the same again applied after hoeing. They were put on immediately after a shower or upon a heavy dew,—result, sound potatoes.—*Boston Cultivator*.

HINTS TO YOUNG FARMERS.

Consider your calling the most elevated, and the most important; but never be above it, nor be afraid of the frock and the apron.

Put off no business which ought and can be done to-day, until to-morrow.

As soon as the spring opens and the frost is out of the ground, put your fence in order.

Plant no more ground than you can well manure, and cultivate to advantage.

Never hire a man to do a piece of work which you can do yourself.

Every day has its appropriate duties, attend to them in succession.

Keep no more stock than you can keep in good order, and that of the best kind.

Never run into debt without a reasonable probability of paying it at the time agreed.

Remember that economy and industry are two great pillars, the Jachin and Boaz, of the farmer's prosperity.

Never carry your notes in your pocket-book, as the desk or trunk is a more appropriate place. Keep them on file and in order, ready to be found when wanted.

Never buy anything at an auction because the article is going cheap, unless you have a use for it.

Keep a place for your tools—and your tools in their places.

Instead of spending a rainy day at the dram shop, as many do, to their ruin, repair whatever wants mending—post your books.

By driving your business before you, and not permitting your business to drive you, you will have opportunities to indulge in innocent diversions.

Never trust your money in the hands of that man who will put his own to hazard.

When interest or a debt become due, pay it at the time, whether your creditor wants it or not. Never ask him to "wait till next week," but pay it. Never insult him by saying "you don't want it." Punctuality is a key to every man's chest.

By constant temperance, habitual moderate exercise, and unaffected honesty, you will avoid the fees of the lawyer and the sheriff, gain a good report, and probably add to your present existence at least ten years of active life.

When a friend calls to see you, treat him with the utmost complaisance, but if important business calls your attention, politely excuse yourself, and he will excuse you.

Keep a memorandum book—enter all notes, whether received or given—all monies received or paid out—all expenses—and all circumstances of importance.

In December reckon and settle with all those with whom you have accounts—pay your store bills and mechanics, if not promptly done at the time, which is best of all.

And lastly, when the frost of winter shall lay an embargo on your operations, and the chilling blasts of old Boreas shall storm your castle, let your fireside be a paradise, and let the long evenings be consumed in social glee, or in the pursuit of useful knowledge.

JOHN ADAMS.—"The elder Adams, the son of a worthy cobbler."

It was perhaps owing to the very fact of his humble parentage that the elder Adams became what he was. I have never seen the story in print, but it legitimately descended to me by oral tradition, having been told my great grandfather by "the pious Deacon Adams, of the church in Braintree," himself.

The deacon, during a temporary absence, had set John to cutting out the "uppers" for some shoes; but, like the Chinaman, who, in making a pair of breeches, from a pattern furnished by some prudent captain, had faithfully copied the patches which his wife had put in the seat of the old ones, John had embellished every "upper" he had cut out with the three-cornered hole by which the patterns had hung on their accustomed nail. "I saw," said the deacon, "I couldn't make a shoemaker of him, so I *put him to learning*."—["Theta"—*Boston Transcript*, May 17, 1856.]

FOR HEAVES IN HORSES.—In reference to heaves in horses, I would advise the using of cut straw quite freely; wet the straw after cutting, mix on corn and oat meal!—feed no hay—feed oat straw as hay is fed from racks. The oats should be cut as early as possible and not to injure the grain for market—straw to be kept from rains as much as possible, and taken to the barn bright. More grain has to be fed, and may be as straw is much cheaper than hay to feed. When the weather is too cold to feed wet straw, oats and straw may be fed.—*Cor. of Country Gentleman*.

MANGE IN CATTLE.—The Boston Cultivator says: "The disorder termed the mange, arises from the excitement of the skin, probably brought on by disarrangement of the organs of digestion, in consequence of poverty, engendered by hunger and want of shelter. After these are supplied, a wash made of gunpowder and water—charcoal, nitre, and sulphur—will be found a valuable application. Mange is an infectious disorder; remove therefore the sick beast from the rest of the herd."

PRUNE YOUR GRAPE VINES.—Those that have so far neglected to prune their grape vines, and think it is now too late in consequence of their bleeding, can do so by preparing good black Japan varnish; and in the middle of a warm sunny day, the moment you prune the vine, with a small brush—and before the sap exudes—cover the wound with the varnish thoroughly, and the deed is done—the pores are entirely closed.—*S. N. Holmes*.

BONE MANURE IN CHESTER, ENGLAND.—We take the following from the London "Gardeners' Chronicle":—

"It must be admitted that during the last fifteen or twenty years, and especially during the last ten, most extraordinary improvements have been effected in this country by the application of bone manure and by drainage. It is notorious by these improvements the quantity of the herbage has been so increased, and the quality so improved, that on many farms double the number of dairy cows are now kept on the same extent of grass, and in better condition than formerly. The fertilizing effects of bone manure are such, especially when applied to our poor clay soils in a state of grass, that herbage often the most miserable becomes supplanted by white clover, trefoil, and other nutritious grasses, whose verdant stems then start up from the grateful soil without the help of either the seedsman or the sower, although their existence previously could scarcely be at all recognised. But perhaps to no crop is the application of bone manure more beneficial than to that which is commonly termed in Lancashire and Cheshire "Clover roots," and in other counties "seeds." When I state that the usual rotation of cropping is, 1st, oats; 2nd, potatoes, turnips, or other green crops (manured); 3d, wheat; 4th, oats or barley, and laid down to grass; the necessity of some manure being applied to the seeds or young grass-root after the two last white crops will be obvious. Notwithstanding the present high prices of bone manure (boiled bones being £5 10s. to £6 per ton, and raw bones £8 per ton) nearly all our best Cheshire farmers—excepting those in the neighborhood of large towns, where night soil and other manures are readily obtained—are applying either crushed boiled bones or finely-ground raw bones, but principally the former, to their clover roots, and after the rate of 10 to 12 cwt. per statute acre. Such confidence have many of our farmers in bones, that they will apply them to wet clay land, I will not say with the expectation of rendering drainage unnecessary, but at least with the belief that if bones are applied, the turf will be so improved that drainage, whilst the land is in grass, may be dispensed with. It is, however, a well-known fact, that whilst some moisture, such as rain, is necessary to dissolve any solid manure and fit it as food for plants, excessive moisture, stagnating on the surface or in the soil, will destroy much of the virtue of the manure, and, of course, render it less durable. *Mr. White, at Chester*."

TO IMPROVE SEED POTATOES.—Charles Seager of St. Louis, recommends the following easily-tried method of improving potatoes, so as to restore them to the original soundness, richness and mealiness of this valuable root:—"The plan is this: keep back some seed potatoes for six or seven weeks after the usual time of planting, say till the last week of June, or the first week of July, and then plant and cultivate them the same as stock potatoes. They will grow until the frost withers the vines, when they should be dug. As they have not had time to mature, they will be quite small—not more than an inch or an inch and a half through; but they should all be carefully gathered, and kept safe from frost through the winter, and planted at the usual time of planting in the spring—one of the small potatoes being sufficient for seed in each hill. The result will be large sized, sound, mealy potatoes, as I have proven by actual trial. I hope that it will be tried by some of our farmers this year."

SOAP SUDS FOR CURRANT BUSHES.—A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer says:

"I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I greatly increased the size of the bushes and the quantity and quality of the fruit. My bushes are now about eight feet in height, and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of this large growth, I attribute in a great measure to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber lye around their roots during the summer season. I am satisfied from my own experience and that of some of my neighbors, that this treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial."

FARMERS, RAISE YOUR OWN HORSES.—A farmer furnishes the following statement to the Village Recorder, to show what may be made by farmers raising their own horses, if good stock be selected:—Six years since, J. D. Perkins, of Coatesville, Chester county, bought a mare for $120. On the 14th ult., he sold the mare and her family at public sale. The mother (with foal) now a cripple, brought $62; her first colt, five years old, $196; her second, $169; her third, $154; her fourth, an unbroken colt, $90—total, $671. If this is not sufficient encouragement for farmers to invest in good stock, and raise horses, I do not know what inducement could be offered.—*Montgomery Ledger*.

BOARD FENCE.—The merits of these fences, as fences for cattle, are the following:—

1. Their even height prevents cattle from attacking them in any one place, rather than another.

2. The small amount and lightness of the material, makes it desirable when timber is scarce.

3. They appear much neater. The holes for the posts may be made in open soils, with a wooden crow-bar, and then they may be driven down far enough, if they are sharpened. The fence need not be more than four feet high. Twelve-foot boards, breaking joints at every other post, are best. Oak posts should be used. Three six-inch boards are enough to make a good fence for cattle.

COUCH GRASS.—A farmer in Illinois, lifts his voice of warning against the introduction of this grass on the Western prairies. He says that it will make harder ploughing, smaller crops of corn, and that it can never be got out of the soil.

STRANGE EPITAPHS.—The following combined "bull" and epitaph may amuse your readers. I copied it in April, 1850, whilst on an excursion to explore the gigantic tumuli of New Grange, Louth, &c., Ireland:

Passing through the village of Monknewtown, about four miles from Drogheda, I entered a burial-ground surrounding the ivy-clad ruins of a chapel. In the midst of a group of dozen or more tombstones, some very old, all bearing the name of "Kelly," was a modern upright slab, well executed, inscribed:

Erected by PATRICK KELLY,
Of the town of Drogheda, Mariner,
In Memory of his Posterity.

Also, the above PATRICK KELLY,
Who Departed this Life on the 12th August, 1844,
Aged 60 years.
Requiescat in Pace.

I gave a copy of this to a friend residing at Llanbebling, Carnarvonshire, who forwarded me the annexed, from a tombstone in the parish churchyard there:

"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."
Here lie the Remains of THOMAS DIAMOND,
Dancing Master;
Whose genteel address and sociality
In Teaching
Recommended him to all that had the
Pleasure of his acquaintance.
He died June 13, 1765,
Aged 31.

—*Notes and Queries*.

SYDNEY SMITH.—With Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images; these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. His powers of fun were at the same time united with the strongest and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudices which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason, and the breeze of ridicule. —*Lord J. Russell*.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 131 letters.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, 63, 34, 20, 2, 113, 49, 21, 27, 28, 93, 118, 30, 91, 56, was an ancient Roman Emperor.
My 25, 91, 103, 42, 81, 55, 115, 61, was a member of the Roman commonwealth.
My 3, 102, 16, 53, 6, 18, 36, 22, 26, 115, 52, was a Roman General.
My 32, 36, 80, 96, 106, 71, 43, 119, 15, 60, 30, 127, was an ancient German Emperor.
My 78, 22, 100, 83, 116, 40, 85, 121, 126, 102, 35, 116, 89, was a member of the Roman Commonwealth.
My 44, 23, 77, 121, 126, 68, 20, 126, 72, 61, was an ancient King.
My 47, 84, 78, 12, 58, 40, 70, 38, 9, 104, 100, 124, was a Grecian Philosopher.
My 101, 46, 53, 110, 99, 42, 5, 54, 34, 105, 1, was one of the Twelve Disciples.
My 85, 17, 45, 41, 62, 30, 122, 69, was a King of Syria.
My 55, 98, 65, 52, 92, 23, 131, 98, 130, 78, 110, 26, 114, 119, 19, 57, 119, 66, 21, was a Roman Emperor.
My 67, 129, 10, 97, 80, 14, 66, 115, 76, was a Grecian Governor.
My 40, 48, 77, 119, 62, 23, 31, 11, was a Greek philosopher and poet.
My 7, 90, 75, 64, 51, 93, 22, 113, 117, was a German King.
My 8, 86, 9, 120, 71, 109, 92, 83, 4, 96, 107, 110, 45, 15, 60, 121, 97, was a Prussian King.
My 33, 13, 131, 91, 3, 43, 12, 14, 105, 129, 87, was a Grecian historian, daughter of the Emperor celebrated for her beauty.
My 37, 41, 32, 63, 125, 116, 103, 115, 53, was a member of the Roman commonwealth.
My 123, 90, 97, 62, 15, 88, 22, 122, 108, was a Saracen King.
My 48, 14, 128, 7, 18, 72, 126, was a distinguished Frank.
My 123, 67, 110, 50, 17, was a Greek poet.
My 43, 86, 19, 45, 37, 54, was an Italian historian.
My 17, 42, 109, 50, 67, 4, 118, 67, was one of the prophets.
My whole was an important event of the fourteenth century.

CINNOR.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 10, 21, 3, 14, 10, 22, 12, is a county in Tennessee.
My 1, 21, 22, 24, 6, 8, is a river in Arkansas.
My 11, 8, 21, 3, is a cape in the Eastern coast of the United States.
My 16, 21, 10, 15, 24, 21, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 2, 10, 3, 8, 6, is a town in France.
My 15, 13, 8, 3, 10, is a river in Spain.
My 2, 19, 24, 10, 6, is a town in Virginia.
My 16, 17, 3, 24, 6, 8, 21, is a town in Maine.
My 8, 4, 24, 8, is a county in New York.
My 6, 8, 2, 25, 8, is a river in North Carolina.
My 21, 8, 12, 6, is a river in Texas.
My 16, 3, 7, 21, 15, is a river in Iowa.
My 20, 21, 8, 1, 23, 20, is a town in Missouri.

My whole was an event at the time of the Revolution, which will always be remembered by the American people.

W. S. S.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Twelve letters compose me, though not all the same,
Yet nine different ones only are found in my name;
My first and my eleventh and my fourth well combined,
Of great use to you, ladies, you always will find;
With my first and my eleventh and my seventh repeated,
Sick persons by doctors are frequently cheated;
My fifth and my ninth, and my seventh, eighth and second,
The best thing for a burn is very generally reckoned.
My sixth and my twelfth are one-half of the year,
And my third in every season is sure to appear;
My tenth in the autumn may always be found,
And in winter and spring it doth always abound;
So find out my name, with despatch, I implore you,
Directions sufficient being already before you.

Centre Hill, Pa. "LEYDEN."

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A common noun—an active verb—
My first a word of letters four;
A bird that you have often heard—
A thing used in a liquor store.

My next—"the bravest of the brave"—
A General's name well known to you,
Whose native land from foe to save,
Did much as mortal man could do.

Should you in London chance to walk,
My whole you'll see most any day;
To listen to its ceaseless talk,
Will much amuse you—I dare say.

HANNEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Erase my 1, 3, and I become the continuation of time.
Erase my 4, 5, and I become a wild animal.
Erase my 1, 2, 4, 6, and I am to exist.
Erase my 3, 4, 6, and I become an insect.
Erase my 1, 2, 6, and I become one of our first parents.

My whole is an animal much noted for its cunning and ingenuity.

HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you're frequently seen,
Running in the meadows green;
My second only makes my first less;
My whole, reader, I wish you to guess.

Louisville. SISKIN.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If the perimeter of a right-angled triangle be equal to the length of a pendulum that vibrates as many times in a minute as it is inches in length, and the radius of its inscribed circle equal to the circumference of an iron ball, that weighs just as many pounds as its diameter is inches in length, what is the area of the triangle, a cubic inch of iron weighing 120-300 of a pound?

Venango, Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Q. What is that which flies high, lies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes? Ans.—Dust.

☞ Why are colored persons first rate to whisper secrets to? Ans.—Because they always keep dark.

☞ Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Ans.—Because we can't make it out.

GERARD & HARRY DEVERE.

☞ What name do you pronounce when telling another to converse? Ans.—Chatman.

☞ What part of a building reminds one of a young girl lost in the woods? Ans.—Astray! (a stray gal).

☞ What word of sorrow reminds one of a rosy-cheeked country girl? Ans.—Alas (a lass).

Grandview, Iowa. HARRIET A. GRAY.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Many go out for wool and come home shorn. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Christopher Columbus, native of Genoa, and discoverer of America. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Mount Kunchingjow, highest peak of the Himalaya Mountains. CHARADE.—Cotangent (cot-an-gent). RIDDLE.—Money. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—60, 80 and 100 perches.

NATURAL ACTING.—The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting:" In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, 1788, the "Fair Penitent" was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage; during the night her illness continued, but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage keeper, and anxiously inquired whence he procured the skull; he replied, from the sexton, who informed him "it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the churchyard." That same Norris was her first husband; she died in six weeks.

THE BEARD.—What would be said of him who would shave off his eyebrows, pull out his eyelashes, or shave his head all over? Such a practice would be pronounced uncouth, unreasonable, unhealthy, and necessarily wrong; yet if the hair of the head pertains to the laws of life and health, who dare say the beard has a less office to fill?—*Eclectic Medical Journal*.